The Nation.

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The Week.

If "home-keeping youth have ever homely wits," it is certain that a country which has kept its eyes fastened for a generation upon the home market, cannot be expected to show clear sight for foreign markets. When President McKinley said at Buffalo in 1901 that "if we will not buy we cannot sell," the truism was received as if it were a thunderclap. Since that time there has been much talk in Congress and in the press and party platforms about enlarging our business abroad, but the attempts at doing something have been fumbling. This "greenness" in the business is particularly betrayed in the pending bill for ship subsidies, or postal subventions for ocean steamers. The whole plan, as submitted, is uncertain. The bill leaves it doubtful whether the end desired is the mere building of ships —to throw a government sop to American shipyards which, as the annual report of the Commissioner of Navigation has just shown, are highly prosperous—or the owning and sailing of them. Nor does the bill reveal any close-knit idea of the way in which more ships to South America (if we got them by the subventions) would increase our trade with that region. As a matter of fact, we have yet to hear of an American exporter who cannot get all the goods he can sell to South America expeditiously carried thither. But the really gaping hiatus in the subsidy argument appears when we ask what cargoes the new ships (if we get any) are to bring back from South American countries. Their wool and hides we could not think of allowing to come in free to compete with our own. Yet with that national policy firmly established, we propose to vote money out of our own Treasury in order to hasten and cheapen the coming of more of the deadly wool and hides of foreigners! The example of Germany and England is appealed to. They have great fleets of merchantmen, a small part of which has government subventions. What is concealed is the fact that German and English steamship lines have been built up on an intelligent and comprehensive theory of foreign trade. The return cargo is as carefully studied as the outgoing. Germany has a protective tariff, but she is wise enough to provide for the free entry of the raw materials of her manufactures. Failing any broad revision of our tariff laws, and a large and intelligent adjustment of our whole policy to the steady development of foreign trade, ship subsidies would amount to nothing. They would promote scandal, favoritism, and further raids upon the public funds, but not commerce.

The report of the Joint Postal Commission authorized by Congress at its last session is the most important document relating to the postal service that has appeared in many years. "The object of this inquiry is not a temporary or provisional one," says the report. "It is an attempt to get that gigantic enterprise known as the postal service organized once and for all upon a sound economic and administrative basis." If the Commission's recommendation for an accurate weighing, count of pieces, and determination of the average haul of mail matter of each class, is adopted, there will be available for the first time the data for intelligent comprehension of the whole system. Yet the Commission does not wait this information before making its own recommendations. It is positive that the difference between the second and third-class rate is too great, and strongly inclined to the belief that the periodical rate is absolutely too low. The Commission does not go so far as Third Assistant Postmaster-General Madden's suggested three-rate classification: letters, printed matter, and merchandise. The Commission proposes a sliding scale for second-class publications, based upon the weight of single copies and ranging upward from the present one cent per pound. But the really radical recommendations are made with a view to purging the second-class list of undesirable publications. The Commission would take out of the second class bodily all issues of which more than one-half the "superficial area" is occupied by advertisements, and all which send sample copies in excess of 10 per cent. of their paid circulation. That this rule will catch, "put out of business" perhaps, the particular publications about which the Department is most concerned, may be conceded. That it would also be a serious blow to hundreds of magazines and newspapers which are in every sense legitimate, is, however, equally true. There are few, if any, successful publications which do not occasionally or regularly exceed the 50 per cent. limit. There are probably no newly established periodicals which do not send out more than 10 per cent. of free copies. No one denies that the second-class privilege has been abused by "mail-order" journals and "house organs." If the objectionable publications possessed some definite quality or characteristic which the worthy ones do not, all would be plain sailing. It is as if some lawgiver, noticing that a great many malefactors had large feet, ordered the imprisonment of every man wearing a shoe larger than number ten.

Congress last year passed a Public Buildings bill. This is to be the year for river and harbor appropriations. It is still political slang to say that the "pork" is thus distributed, though the scrutiny of these measures of local benefit has been so much closer of late years that the old screaming absurdities in the erection of post offices and improvement of channels hardly exist outside the comic papers. Regarding the River and Harbor bill, which the House committee has ready, two special points are to be noted. First, it is the largest ever brought before Congress, carrying $83,466,138, of which $34,631,612 is for immediate expenditure. Second, it appears likely to fail more conspicuously than its successors to satisfy the demands of the interests which are seeking favors. Already there have been reports of an organized effort to remake the bill on the floor of the House, led by a coalition of the advocates of a thirty-five-foot channel in the Delaware River and of a fourteen-foot channel from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. An Illinois Senator, A. J. Hopkins, was quoted a few days ago as threatening to talk the whole bill to death in the Senate unless his favorite project was embodied in it. A Missouri Representative, Mr. Bartholdt, has suggested a plan for satisfying everybody just now in sight, by issuing half-a-billion dollars' worth of special bonds for waterways improvement. We do not suppose that Chairman Burton, who is said never to have been overruled by the House when he opposed an amendment to the River and Harbor bill offered on the floor, is very seriously disturbed by these threats of insurrection. Be that as it may, however, this is a critical year in regard to the whole of this subject. Waterways conventions have been a feature of the past twelve months. Moribund inland steamship routes have been revived. We commented last fall on the somewhat spectacular resumption of traffic on the Missouri. Projects of a similar character have been since noted in the local press of all sections. The sudden revival of interest in water competition as an agency in keeping down railroad rates has turned attention to river work, just as it has to canal-building in this section. But the consequences of a simultaneous insistence on all the meritorious plans in sight may give pause to the most liberally disposed Congress.

A "tariff war" with Germany, the latest dispatches tell us, has been happily "averted." Looking for details, we

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discover that the joint commission at Berlin has worked out a scheme for a commercial treaty which only requires the "consent of the Reichstag and the American Congress." That is, when the standpatters at Washington cease from standpatting we may hope for good trade relations with Germany. So we may with Canada. So we may with the Philippines. But what prospect is there that the tariff Old Man of the Sea will relax his grip upon Congress? The Gloucester herring and the Attleboro cheap jewelry still exercise their veto, through Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, upon reciprocity treaties. The beet is too strong for both Secretary Taft and President Roosevelt, and prevents them from obtaining elementary justice for the Filipinos. Our optimistic commissioners in Berlin will sing a different song when they get to Washington and stand in the presence of Can't Do It Cannon and a protection-ridden Senate. Who touches a schedule of yon gray tariff, dies like a dog!

The idea of reforming the meat-packing, food-manufacturing, and medicine-compounding industries by simply compelling them to tell every customer the truth about themselves, is having far-reaching effects. Good "temperance people" are giving up the nostrums which contained as much alcohol as whiskey. It is therefore a fitting time for Congressman D. A. De Armond to come forward with his proposal for applying the label principle to the tariff question. The man who buys a box of cigars, a bottle of whiskey, a pack of cards, or any other article taxed for internal revenue can tell by looking at the stamp just how much he is paying to the Government. Why should not the article taxed by means of the tariff be similarly marked? The Dingley tariff being our chief source of national pride, we do not understand how too much publicity could be given to the details of its workings. Just as the hair-tonic manufacturers assert that their decoctions "grew this hair, and we can prove it," so the protected interests should be proud to say: "The Dingley act grew these knives and knit goods and tinware, and we can prove it." Let us picture the happy state of society under the proposed De Armond law. With what satisfaction does Mr. Doe, when he buys the plate-glass windows for his new house, find "151 per cent." neatly etched on the corner of each pane! Mrs. Doe surely rejoices similarly to see a label of "165 per cent." stitched to her new dress-pattern, and "141 per cent." on every piece of plush. Miss Rosalie Doe likes her chocolate creams all the better for the stamp on the bottom of each one, "50 per cent." Little Johnny Doe is prouder than ever of the India rubber boots that are marked on the inside "30 per cent." Let us hasten to adopt this method of heightening the popularity of the Dingley tariff.

The action of the Senate has assured both Senators and Representatives that their pay will be raised from $5,000 a year to $7,500. This increase of 50 per cent. marks, we doubt not, the rough estimate of Congress as to the recent increase in the cost of living. If we are to do anything more than give our lawmakers a mere honorarium, $7,500 is not, under present circumstances, too large a salary. The English system of an unpaid Parliament does not accord with our traditions and sentiments. For one thing, we do not care to recognize officially a class of landed or wealthy gentlemen who give their services to the Government, and who thus secure for their class—almost inevitably—rather more consideration than its numbers or intelligence would warrant. In Germany the pay of members of the Reichstag is low, and as a consequence the representatives of labor, as in England too, are often supported by labor organizations. Such members can scarcely be more than mere spokesmen for the unions—just as some of our Senators, like Chauncey M. Depew, are only mouthpieces for railways or other corporations. In a crisis such retained attorneys can never exhibit independence of judgment. If, then, we are fully committed to the principle of fair pay, we see no reason why, in addition to allowances for secretaries and clerks, the Congressmen should not share the general rise of wages.

The Lodge resolution in regard to the Congo, if adopted by the Senate, may have important results. Its language is guarded, for it now merely expresses the opinion that the time is ripe for an international inquiry into the affairs of the Free State, and pledges support to the President "in any steps that he may deem it wise to take in this direction, in coöperation with or in aid of any of the Powers signatory to the Treaty of Berlin which shall seek to ameliorate conditions" in the Congo. This gives the President pretty broad powers; but if we could safely intervene between Russia and Japan and take part in the Conference of Algeciras, we might as well risk international complications along this line. There is, of course, one excellent reason why we should concern ourselves with the Congo, and that is that the United States was one of the Powers that created that government. In England conditions are ripe for action, but Sir Edward Grey has been apparently waiting for some one else to move. If the Senate expresses its opinion, that may be just the spark to set off the explosion for which humanity cries out. The amount of public interest in the Congo in this country is surprising. It is welcome as showing that our plunge into Imperialism has not wholly deprived us of the ability to feel for the oppressed abroad, just as we used to feel for the Greeks and the Italians and others who fought for liberty.

This time it is the Interstate Commerce Commission which has had its turn at the Standard Oil Company. Despite Chancellor James R. Day and the Rev. R. S. MacArthur, the Commission, instead of proving the falsity of Miss Tarbell's attacks or those of the numerous other investigators of high and low degree, who have paid their respects to the best-hated of our Trusts, has confirmed about everything heretofore alleged against it. Moreover, it has brought out one or two new points of interest. For instance, the Commission reports that the "Standard buys advertising space in many newspapers, which it fills, not with advertisements, but with reading matter prepared by agents kept for that purpose, and paid at advertising rates as ordinary news." It is a great pity that this statement was not accompanied by specifications. The public is entitled to know the names of the venal journals, secular or religious, just as it found out what newspapers, like the Boston *Herald*, took matter favorable to the insurance companies at one or two dollars a line. The allegation against the Standard Oil, if it can be sustained, only shows that corporations with bad consciences turn readily to dishonest methods, in order to fool the public.

James H. Blount, ex-Judge of the Court of First Instance in the Philippines, contributes to the *North American Review* a notable article, entitled "Philippine Independence—When?" He affirms of his own knowledge that all the Filipinos, however much they may differ among themselves in minor matters, earnestly long for independence, and that this unsatisfied longing is the cause of the prevailing unrest throughout the archipelago and of the frequent outbreaks and bloody reprisals of which we have accounts from time to time. Judge Blount's article indicates a way by which this unrest may be quieted, and all the consequences of a good understanding secured, leading to fitness for independence and to that boon itself within a decade. The price to be paid for this transformation is very slight. It is simply to promise the Filipinos their independence at the expiration of ten years. Now, what are the qualifications of the man who makes this bold prediction? Mr. Blount has served six years in the islands in official positions—two in the military and four in a judicial capacity. His time has not been spent in the city of Manila. He has

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been constantly in the interior, close to the people. As a soldier he has been a witness of the bravery and self-devotion of the Filipinos. As a judge he has learned what their ideas are, and what is their capacity for acquiring knowledge and making good use of it. It is his conviction that the promise of independence will make the Filipinos contented, and that nothing else ever will. Is the objection raised that the President and Congress of to-day cannot bind their successors to a particular policy for ten years to come? There is no need to borrow trouble on that score. It is not conceivable that any Administration in the next half-century would voluntarily assume such a burden, after the experience we have had with this one. The reluctance everywhere manifested to the annexation of Cuba now is convincing evidence that the American people are sick of colonial possessions, and especially of new acquisitions from among the colored races. A declaration by the Government that the Filipinos shall have their independence at a fixed time would be the wisest step the country could take.

Gov. Hughes's earnest appeal at Monday night's banquet of the American Institute for Social Service, in behalf of the movement to introduce safety appliances for American workingmen, should do much to awaken public interest in the matter. The facts set forth by the experts as to the number of lives needlessly sacrificed are, as the Governor pointed out, not only humiliating, but shocking. If it were true that protective appliances are complicated, difficult to procure or install, or otherwise impracticable, there would be something to say in apology. But in the kinds of machinery through which annual loss of life is greatest, the mechanical safeguards already available are so simple and so complete that they ought of themselves to appeal to the practical instincts of every manufacturer. If the objection of expense is raised, it was met Monday night by Col. Carroll D. Wright's assertion that, in so far as society has to pay more for manufactured goods, to cover the manufacturer's loss in damage awards, to that extent at least it has the economic right to insist on the prevention of accidents being most thoroughly looked after. It is the purpose of the Institute, moreover, to show that even the matter of expense is exaggerated in the public mind, through ignorance. The free exhibition of such appliances, now open at the Museum of Natural History in this city, is designed to give to people at large a clear idea of what can be done.

In Spain the fall of the Vega de Armijo Cabinet, which was formed only last December, shows that personal differences among the leaders of the various Liberal factions are fully as influential in preventing the formation of a stable Ministry as diversities of opinion with regard to the exact nature of a progressive religious policy. To this in some form the Liberal party is pledged. The Marquis de Armijo consented to take office, in spite of his eighty-two years, on condition that loyal support be forthcoming from the party chiefs—Montero Rios, Moret, and Canalejas. When these failed to live up to their promises, the Premier would no longer consent to hold office as a mere stop-gap. Concerning the religious problem in itself, we are told that the object of the Liberal party is to put a check to the enormous growth of the religious congregations, native and French. A concordat between the Holy See and Spain grants authorization to only three religious orders. But under a law regulating associations, which was passed with the object of popularizing democratic institutions and the machinery of representative government, there have sprung up religious orders to the number of 100 to 150.

The visit of the Ameer of Afghanistan to India is regarded with more than satisfaction in British official circles and the press. It is no secret that the attitude of the present Ameer to the Indian Government has till recently been one of reserve. A British mission in January, 1905, was successful in bringing about a renewal of relations established with Abd-ur-Rahman, father of the present ruler, but that achievement alone was generally regarded as insufficient, in view of the active and partly successful effort of Russia to get into friendly touch with the Ameer. Hence it is gratifying to England that Habibullah Khan should exchange his policy of suspicious aloofness for one of extremely friendly intercourse. At Agra he was welcomed by the Viceroy with a splendid retinue of military officers, rajahs, maharajahs, and begums. The meeting was marked by elaborate courtesy. "The Ameer opened the conversation with the Viceroy by saying: 'I am sorry I cannot talk English. I speak a little, but not good.' Lord Minto replied: 'I think your Majesty speaks extremely well.'" Later, when tea was served, Lord Minto rose and helped the Ameer to milk. When the Viceroy sat down, the Ameer "quickly rose and poured milk into Lord Minto's cup, saying, 'I will help you.'" A great hunting party was planned, among other festivities. We are not told whether Lord Minto and the Ameer are to play tennis together.

The professors of the Museum of Natural History at Paris are collecting subscriptions for a monument to Lamarck, the "originator of the transformation theory." They think it discreditable to the French nation that, while Darwin rests in Westminster Abbey, Lamarck should still be without a statue. Darwin sought to explain the apparent discontinuity in the chain of human development; Lamarck endeavored to show by what processes organic forms were constituted and continuously transformed. The French naturalist was not appreciated during his lifetime. His treatises on "zoölogical philosophy" and on invertebrate animals excited the contempt of Cuvier, who pronounced his so-called *éloge* before the Academy. Even Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire, who was Lamarck's friend, did not appreciate the latter's theory when he delivered the oration at his tomb. It is proposed to erect the monument in the Jardin des Plantes, where Lamarck spent so much of his life in botanical research; and it is suggested that the state should be asked to coöperate in the publication of a complete edition of his works. Undoubtedly, he prepared the world for a ready acceptance of the Darwinian hypothesis. Yet he was but one among a number of writers who, during the eighteenth and the early part of the nineteenth century, set forth a speculative theory of development which, indeed, had an earlier origin in Greek philosophy.

Bournemouth rejoices in the possession of a municipal orchestra which has met with marked success since its foundation fifteen years ago. It is admittedly one of the finest in England outside of London, and has been fortunate in having as its supervisor Dan Godfrey the younger, son of the well-known bandmaster. There are forty musicians in the orchestra, which has a permanent headquarters in the Winter Gardens Pavilion, where admission may be had for the extremely reasonable price of 12 cents, a sum that brings the concerts within the means of practically everybody. Despite this low rate of admission and the heavy cost of securing first-class soloists—such as Paderewski—the orchestra has all but paid for itself. Only very small deficits have from time to time been made up by the taxpayers. Of course, Bournemouth, as both a winter and summer resort, has a great many strangers who help to pay the cost of the orchestra—about $35,000 a year—but none the less its record is a notable one, because the authorities have set themselves very high musical standards and stuck to them. Their orchestra is much more than a mere resort band. Nearly all the leading British composers have gladly conducted their own works at its concerts. The municipal orchestra is, of course, an old-established institution on the Continent, but in this country it is slow to obtain a foothold.

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THE FEDERAL CHILD LABOR BILL.

Senator A. J. Beveridge's plan to limit child labor by means of Federal statute, for which he spoke in the Senate last week, has the hearty endorsement of public-spirited men and women. Felix Adler, Jane Addams, Samuel Lindsay, Homer Folks, Florence Kelley—when such as these favor a measure, the public is generally correct in assuming that it is wise. Dr. Adler, for instance, in his own words, is "one of those who by temperament, by prejudice, and by predilection cling to local self-government and dread the expansion of the Federal power." Yet, after only three years of leadership in the effort to bring individual States to a realization of the lasting evils of child labor, he and his associates turn to Washington for aid. There they see a short-cut to some of the desired reforms. Briefly, the Beveridge measure proposes to forbid any carrier of interstate commerce "to transport or accept for transportation the products of any factory or mine in which children under fourteen years of age are employed or permitted to work." Violations of the law are to be punished by fines of not more than $10,000 or less than $1,000, or by imprisonment for between one and six months, or by both.

That this latest resort to the overworked "interstate commerce clause" of the Constitution is open to objection has been apparent to the framers of the bill from the beginning. With marked skill, they have endeavored to disarm their opponents in advance. Thus Senator Beveridge remarked in his speech:

> How strange that the Constitution is always invoked to prevent every reform helpful to humanity and hurtful to the great financial interests! How strange that the Constitution is never invoked against legislation asked by railway and manufacturing interests!

Senator Beveridge also asserts that the "worst enemies of reform are apparently for it, but earnestly against any effective methods of handling it." He who would oppose the bill on conscientious or Constitutional grounds is thus forewarned that his unfavorable criticisms will be discounted in advance as due solely to malign or corrupt influences; and that he will be classed either as an enemy disguised as a friend, or as an agent of the "great financial interests."

But despite these warnings, there are those who, like ourselves, decline to decide the question on the sentimental side alone. If it were merely a question of sentiment, Senator Beveridge's plea would be conclusive:

> I am more anxious to debate an inhuman evil than a governmental theory. . . . Some say, "Let us wait until the States act." What say the American people, with countless child graves before them, child murder this moment being done, and human lives daily being wrecked—what say the American people to this counsel of death and delay?

But no step like this should be taken without careful discussion. Such as has been permitted has already laid bare differences of opinion among the child-labor opponents themselves. Thus Edgar Gardner Murphy, the ablest and hardest worker for the cause in the South, has withdrawn from the National Child Labor Association because of its endorsement of the Beveridge bill. He, surely, is neither an enemy in disguise, nor a tool of the money power. Yet he has given to the Montgomery *Advertiser* reasons for opposition, which deserve the most serious consideration.

Mr. Murphy points out that "no other public issue within the past ten years has gained such popular interest or commands to-day such undivided popular support." In this cause, Mr. Murphy adds, the States have been neither indifferent nor inefficient. There have been, of course, weak spots in the laws thus far passed, but there are weak spots in the proposed Federal legislation. Most striking is Mr. Murphy"s positive assertion: "I personally know that the preparation of the Beveridge bill was directly due not to the neglect of the States, but to the fact that those who have been struggling for State action had created such popular interest in the subject that a Federal bill was regarded as a strong political move." Mr. Murphy also dwells upon a fact, which appeals strongly to us: that dividing responsibility for child-labor conditions between Federal and State authorities will shift the centre of moral obligation from the States to Washington. He maintains with much force that, without local public opinion, Federal enactments themselves are impotent, and that the proposed bill will weaken local efforts and the development of this opinion in the individual States.

The feebleness of a naked Federal statute is inherent in the nature of this particular case: An effective law against child labor must go into details with which Federal legislation cannot deal: it should regulate hours of labor and night work; it may prescribe the physical condition of factories; it must dovetail into the laws regarding school attendance. The Beveridge bill goes as far as a Federal bill can; but, as we have already noted, it offers nothing beyond a bare age limit for children under fourteen. Then, too, methods of enforcement and inspection are not yet worked out with any thoroughness. No one knows how large a staff of Federal inspectors will be required, or what burdens will be placed upon the Department of Commerce and Labor.

Furthermore, the very Constitutionality of the bill is in doubt. The Senate itself sent Mr. Beveridge's first draft to the Judiciary Committee for its opinion. A recent unfavorable court decision upon one of Senator La Follette's railroad bills pointed in the other direction from that in which Beveridge is headed. But even if his proposal is Constitutional, there are reasons enough for going slow with it. We are already relying too much on the authorities at Washington. We need, as Secretary Root has urged, to educate our State governments to a sense of their duties and responsibilities.

VON BÜLOW'S VICTORY.

The enthusiasm reported from Berlin over Von Bülow's victory at the German elections strikes the foreign observer as distinctly forced. The Chancellor has accepted the congratulations of the Kaiser and his friends without reserve, and has characterized the outcome as a triumph for the German nation. Yet when the results to date are studied, it is apparent that, so far as the Centre is concerned, Von Bülow has met with nothing less than a defeat. It was not primarily to attack the Socialists that he dissolved the Reichstag in December. True, they united with the Centre in defeating his Southwest African proposal. But he was avowedly gunning for the Clerical Centre. At that party he emptied his first barrel. Only nine days ago, in his election speech, he devoted his attention chiefly to it, saying that it could never be counted on. The Centre represented, he declared, the reactionaries, both aristocratic and democratic; and German politics must not become the shuttlecock of a faction which treated everything from a sectarian point of view. It was from them and their attempt to run the Government that he appealed to the people.

The election shows clearly that his first shot missed entirely. The Centre has lost only two seats of the total number, and has already elected one more representative than in the first day's balloting of 1903. It is announced that the Centre will reënter the Reichstag "chastened," and this may be so. In most countries, however, a return after successfully sustaining the assaults of the Government would ordinarily make a party more aggressive and exacting than before. The Catholics have certainly fully maintained their position; and if the rest of the election had been marked by as little change from existing conditions, Von Bülow's prestige would now be shattered.

Fortunately for him, his second barrel was really effective. To take a shot at the Socialists is customary on all occasions; for them there is no close season. Von Bülow gave some space to them in his speeches, as a matter of course. They have already lost nineteen seats, and will lose others—the first

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setback in twenty-five years. Even if, as appears, this was due solely to the appearance at the polls of most of the three million stay-at-homes of other parties in the elections of 1903, the credit for arousing this body of indifferent citizens belongs to Von Bülow and his new Colonial Secretary, Dernburg. For this he may well accept congratulations.

But if, despite the defeats of individual Socialists, the total vote of the party is correctly reported to have increased over that of 1903, Bebel and the other leaders will have no cause to be downhearted. They fight against tremendous odds. Not only is all the influence of the Court and the Government and the Church brought to bear against them, but the inequalities of the suffrage and of the apportionment of seats works directly against them, as against the Liberals. The Socialists, weakened in Parliamentary numbers as they are to be, will only speak with redoubled earnestness if they can voice the wishes of three and one-half millions where they represented only three millions of voters before. Moreover, it is upon no point of policy that they have been beaten. Their rebuke, if such it be, is connected with no particular social reform for which they have been fighting and in regard to which it might now be said that their fellow-countrymen have voted against them.

Even granting that the setback of the Socialists is significant, the main question remains, What will be the situation of the Government in the new Reichstag? It has been taken for granted that there will be a coalition of Conservatives, National Liberals, and Radicals, which will support the Chancellor. Unquestionably, he will have no difficulty in getting his Southwest African vote through the Reichstag. That much he could have obtained had he really made an effort to force it through before dissolution. But on what other questions could such a coalition be held together? The Barth Radicals have resented and rejected every overture made by the Chancellor since the beginning of the campaign. They are opposed to the kind of "personal government" on the part of the Kaiser which they have been witnessing; they are opposed to Von Bülow's truckling to the Agrarians; they have absolutely nothing in common with the Conservatives, and are sworn enemies of the protective policy. Sooner or later the Chancellor will find himself compelled to fall back on the Centre once more—certainly if there is any reactionary legislation in contemplation.

The Liberal cause, with which the *Nation* must necessarily sympathize, has indubitably regained some of the ground it lost four years ago, even though Dr. Barth himself is again defeated. The Liberals will also gain in the second ballots, of which there will be 160. Yet he who desires the spread of liberal ideas and has hopes of progressive social legislation, can find nothing in the vote to arouse enthusiasm. The reactionaries are still in control; the Chancellor, who never had any patience with the Radicals or Liberals until he needed their votes, is still in the saddle; the Kaiser continues to dream of playing a great rôle in the politics of the world, while the price of meat goes up, and more than one grievance renders the masses of his people restless and discontented. Compared with this, all the colonies of the Empire are of little moment. What the hour calls for is a statesman of broad and liberal views, capable of formulating a comprehensive reform policy, and of introducing it little by little, beginning with the principle of equal representation. Then there could be just expectations of making permanent headway against the Socialists; now any triumph over them, however unexpected, must prove to be merely temporary.

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.

The results of the quinquennial French census, taken on March 4 of last year, were made public a few days ago. The figures have confirmed the general predictions that the period from 1901 to 1906 would show a still more marked slackening in the increase of population. Excluding French citizens in Algeria, in the colonies, and abroad, the census shows a population of 39,337,235, an increase since 1901 of only 290,322, or three-quarters of one per cent. This rate of augmentation, minute as it is, represents, nevertheless, a falling off from the period 1896-1901, when the increase was nearly 445,000.

A striking though not surprising fact is that, of the total increase of 290,000, more than 223,000 is accounted for by cities with a population of over 30,000. In other words, not only is the population of France as a whole approaching a perfect balance between births and deaths, but in the rural sections there is actual depopulation. Thirty-two Departments only showed an increase; fifty-two Departments showed a decrease; two Departments, Lot and Oise, suffering a diminution of more than 10,000. Of the great cities not all have added appreciably to their population. Paris has risen from 2,714,000 to 2,763,000; Marseilles from 491,000 to 517,500; Lyons from 459,000 to 472,000, and Lille from 205,000 to 210,000. Comparatively the best showing was made by the smaller industrial towns and by Nice, which rose from 105,000 to 134,000. On the other hand, Bordeaux has suffered a loss of 6,000, and Toulouse, St. Etienne, Nantes, and Havre are practically at a standstill.

In commenting on the significance of the figures we have quoted, the French are inclined of late to seek not so much for remedial measures as for consolation; and consolation, of course, means giving it up as a bad job. It is well enough to talk of taxing bachelors, and bestowing prizes and graduated exemption from taxes upon the fathers of large families. But such measures, if of use at all, are only adapted to cope with temporary and local phenomena. They can be of no avail in France, where the restriction of population is a peculiarity neither of a few years, nor of any locality, nor of any class. And so, recognizing how difficult it is to cope with a tendency which, if pursued consciously, will yield only to radical measures, and, if unconsciously, will not yield to parliamentary measures at all, Frenchmen, as we have said, seem to be growing satisfied with expressing perfunctory regret and looking for solace. This they find in the fact that a declining birth rate is not peculiar to France; that it has been observed in Great Britain, where it has given occasion to much serious discussion; that it is true even of teeming Germany; that, in fact, it is a widespread condition, which finds its most emphatic exemplification in France. Such reasoning is not inspiriting. With France adding less than 300,000 to her population in five years and Germany adding three and three-quarter millions, there is small comfort in the reflection that both nations are travelling towards the same ultimate point.

Another cause for consolation is, however, being frequently brought out in the French press. It consists in the rejection of the blind fetich of numbers as a national ideal in favor of the conjoined ideals of efficiency and a high standard of general welfare. For peoples as for individuals brute matter is not everything. Though the truth is old enough, Japan has recently shocked us into active consciousness of it, and Japan has been these few years our great example of a nation guided by will and intelligence towards success. Yet why look to Japan, the argument runs. France, in maintaining her prestige among the Powers all these years with a dwindling population, from the comparative point of view, has been offering fully as striking an instance of what discipline and diligence will do to offset the odds of number. Poorly provided with the raw commodities that give manufacturing supremacy—coal, iron, staples—she has, by means of a fine artistic sense, technical training, and organizing ability, been able to do more than hold her own in the industrial field. It is but a step to reason that, in the same way, the national genius will know how to utilize its moderate resources of raw human material in the game of international competition.

Guizot said that the great social movements of Europe have always attained their classical development in France. Feudalism, absolutism, and democracy

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in turn have reached their fullest bloom on French soil. In the heart of probably most Frenchmen, as on the lips of many, rests the belief that France has not lost her intellectual leadership in Europe. It may not be far-fetched, therefore, to discern in this latest phenomenon of depopulation another example of France leading the way and other nations following towards a new social conception. Meanwhile she is growing in well-being if not in numbers. The Republic can to-day point to her exemption from Great Britain's huge unemployed class, from Germany's meat famines, from the chronic bread-riots of the other Latin countries. Her accumulated savings have kept Russia going for decades, and are beginning to invade wider fields, including this country. Finally, she is far advanced in legislation dealing with the vast group of social questions connected with the relations of capital and labor.

There is, of course, the undeniable fact that in the absence of such marked difference in efficiency as between Japan and Russia, numbers must count in case of a contest between France and any other European Power. This fact has imposed upon France the system of alliances and friendships which she has been building up these last fifteen years with such marked success. Yet even in this field the country seems to be approaching, though slowly, a solution which should make her independent of foreign aid. We refer to the anti-militarist agitation which has recently been so active in France. The leaders of the movement have been regarded generally as enemies of their country and as fanatics. The latter they may be, but they can scarcely be called enemies of their fatherland in working for the abolition of the present European military system under which France's numerical inferiority must always leave her the weaker.

A CATHOLIC CRAPSEY.

In the midst of its political troubles, the Roman Catholic Church has lately been disturbed by a *vox clamantis* within the fold. Father George Tyrrell, known to many on both sides of the Atlantic, has published, with explanatory notes, an English version of a letter which he wrote not long ago to a professor at one of the Italian universities. The latter, feeling doubts concerning certain articles of the Catholic faith, had asked whether he should not withdraw from the Church. Father Tyrrell declares that his reply was a *lettera confidenziale*, which was not intended for publication; it was "a medicine for extreme cases." But a copy came into the hands of some one at the Vatican, who sent the substance of the letter to the Milan *Corriere della Sera*. Father Martin, at that time General of the Society of Jesus, to which Father Tyrrell belonged, thereupon wrote to the author, complaining of the "inadmissible assertions" in the letter, which had "caused scandal to many," and demanded "a declaration to be published in the papers, repudiating such doctrines as are therein propounded." Upon refusing to comply with this demand, Father Tyrrell was dismissed from the Society, and his letter was placed upon the Index.

There is nothing extraordinary in the advice given by the priest to the professor. The ideas expressed resemble those entertained by liberal Protestants generally, and by certain Anglican Broad Churchmen particularly. It is remarkable, however, that such a letter should have been written by a Jesuit. He advises the professor to remain in the Church in spite of his doubts, and in so doing he explains or explains away the creed by interpreting it in what the Oxford Tractarians called "a non-natural sense." The letter lays stress on "the distinction between faith in the Christian revelation, in Christ as a Person, in the Church as a living corporation; and theology, which strives to translate revelation from the imaginative language of prophecy into the conceptual language of contemporary scientific thought." Revelation, he contends, is not theology; faith is not theological assent; religion is not the scientific formulation of religion. Modern criticism has undermined and overthrown traditions which were once respected; "the conservative positions are maintained by ignorance, systematic or involuntary."

In view of this, Father Tyrrell maintains that the value of the Church's teaching to the individual life, not the doctrinal forms in which it is presented, is the important thing. The visible Church is "a great desideratum," but is secondary. This idea is substantially that of Calvin, but is widened so as to be even more offensive to the Catholic mind. The sacraments are interpreted naturally, and doubt is cast on the final authority of Rome itself. The Italian professor is exhorted to disregard religion as crystallized in the decrees of Popes and councils, in the deliverances of congregations and doctors, and to find it essentially in the spiritual vision of God. Faith is not the acceptance of theological formulas; it is "a seeing of God"; but "this vision is not at command, but is given to us; and that most clearly in moments when we seem most filled with God."

He might have added that, in ancient as in modern thought, mysticism has been the refuge for the skeptic in both philosophy and theology. But it has almost always been regarded with suspicion by the authorities of the Latin Church, whether displayed in the illusions of a Maid of Orleans, or in the more disciplined experiences of a Fénelon. To the mystic, the ordinances and ceremonies are subordinate to immediate communion with God. A Church which insists primarily on obedience and intellectual assent, must be intolerant of the individualism which has its religious sources in feeling, and its standards in subjective states. Indeed, the earlier German mystical philosophers were the forerunners of Luther.

As to the propriety of the heretic remaining in communion with the Catholic Church, Father Tyrrell declares:

> Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that things are quite as bad as you say, and that the intellectual defence of Catholicism breaks down on every side as far as you are concerned. . . . Does it straightway follow you should separate yourself from the communion of the Church? Yes, if theological "intellectualism" be right; if faith means mental assent to a system of conceptions of the understanding; if Catholicism be primarily a theology, or at most a system of practical observances regulated by that theology. No, if Catholicism be primarily a life, and the Church a spiritual organism in whose life we participate, and if theology be but an attempt of that life to formulate and understand itself.

This is a condensed statement of the issue with which the entire Christian Church is now confronted. The question is, not so much whether a man is a heretic, as whether the Church is broad enough to hold him. And this question is being debated publicly or privately in nearly all the Protestant denominations of both Europe and America. No one familiar with the history or the teaching of papal Rome could suppose that such opinions as those of Father Tyrrell would be tolerated by the Catholic authorities. There may, indeed, be a difference of opinion concerning the methods employed in uncovering his heresy and in bringing him to the ecclesiastical scaffold. But the Catholic Church is neither a democracy nor a debating society, and it was a foregone conclusion that when his letter was made public, he would be beheaded by "that drawn sword whose hilt is at Rome."

ART AND THE THEATRE.

Good does sometimes come out of evil; and even such a flagrant offence against common decency as the production at the Metropolitan Opera House of Oscar Wilde's infamous "Salome," with Richard Strauss's music, may prove beneficial in its ultimate result. There is cause for thankfulness in the fact that the performance has provoked a protest from the directors of the opera house, even if that protest be not nominally based upon the highest grounds. It gives assurance, at least, that there is a point beyond which, in the interest of property if not of cleanliness, theatrical cupidity will not be allowed to go. If something of this sort had not occurred to direct public attention, by a violent

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shock, to the logical consequences of the modern theory that art should be subject to no restrictions outside its own laws, the theatre might have become a menace to the sanctity of the home and the health of the community.

Students of the theatre have long noted the tendency of the contemporary stage to grow more reckless in its efforts to minister to morbid appetites. During the last thirty or forty years a great revolution has been effected in the attitude of the public to the theatre, and the theatre to the public. When, in the early seventies, there was a proposal to give the Passion Play in this city, in the closest possible imitation of the Ober-Ammergau representation, the enterprise was overwhelmed, in its very inception, by a tidal wave of public opposition. A little later the daily press resounded with denunciations of the French drama, the plays of Augier, Feuillet, or Dumas *fils*. The production of the "Daniel Rochat" of Sardou was held to be an extraordinary manifestation of managerial audacity. There were many old-fashioned folk then who thought that public virtue would be imperilled by the dissemination of such radical, free-thinking ideas. Still later anxiety was expressed over the possible effect of the performance of some highly diluted extracts of two or three specimens of the Restoration comedy. What would have been thought, then, of some of the more recent specimens of the symbolistic drama, it would not be difficult to guess.

But both theatre and public long ago rose superior to their scruples. Doubtless, each, to a certain extent, reacted upon the other. This, however, is not the place to determine the exact proportions of the responsibility. The fact remains that the theatre continued to grow bolder in its open transgressions of the proprieties, and to profit by its vulgarities, until what was regarded as the climax was reached a few years ago when, in one of the most fashionable theatres, a scene was presented of which the central incident was a rape. Yet that theatre—the significance of the statement is enormous—was crowded for months.

Since then the emancipation of theatrical art has been proceeding at a rapid rate. There are few phases of illegal passion or erotic sentiment that have not been illustrated only too copiously. Samples of exotic imagination have been imported from Russia, Italy, Belgium, France, and Germany. But, it should be noted, these all dealt with natural, even when extravagant, emotions. Now we have been led a step further, and invited to refresh our souls with a spectacle so foul in its open manifestations and secret purpose that the gorge of every healthy man must rise at the thought of it. And all this has been done in the name of theatrical art! Never was hypocrisy more gross or Phariseeism more contemptible. It is time that there should be some plain speaking on this subject. Everybody who knows anything of the world, or is not deluded by some astigmatic enthusiasm, knows that all such exhibitions are inspired mainly by but one motive, the desire to make money by means of some new and strange sensation. The talk about devotion to artistic beauty is abominable cant.

But the various managers, who strive to profit by catering to prevailing vices, are not the only responsible offenders. Professional writers who distract attention from essential abominations by dilating upon the powerful imagination, subtle fancy, and stirring eloquence of the utterer of them, must take their share of the burden. They, perhaps, are the worst offenders of all, for they sin with open and instructed eyes. The public, of course, has helped to make the present condition of affairs possible, but a large proportion of it is misled by the false guides.

It is well that the question has been raised upon so clear and plain an issue. Here, at least, there is no chance of hair-splitting. Are theatre managers, dramatic or operatic, to be allowed to practise obscenity on any pretence whatever?

LITERARY NEWS FROM PARIS.

PARIS, January 18.

In the pure and tranquil sense of the term Maurice Barrès and Anatole France are the two first men of letters of France, with no second approaching them. Maurice Barrès holds to being something more; and this he expressed in the first halting sentence of his discourse yesterday, when taking possession of his seat in the Academy. It is "to be the brother after their death of those who have gone before—*le confrère après leur mort*—of the poets and scholars, the philosophers and statesmen, the priests and *grands seigneurs* who have wrought the community of France." This Nationalism of his is not to be confounded with the party of agitating politicians who for a time grasped after the name. It is a reaction of younger Frenchmen back to their traditions of race and habit and even of soil and air and memories of a glorious past, which the progress of revolution was obscuring. Perhaps Maurice Barrès has been only the first superlative spokesman of what was starting up in the minds of many. It is certain that, young as he is (forty-five), he has proved a formative force among all Frenchmen who think.

He had his period of youthful disdain. Then came the great dissension in the heart of France and the dilettante died within him. He wrote first his "Romance of our Nation's Energy," building upon an acrid word which Veuillot applied to Parisians—"Les Déracinés" (The Uprooted Ones)—a whole theory of social life. This has softened into a passionate love of his native Lorraine; and his message to Frenchmen, if not "Back to the land!" is at least to remind them of their long heredity in the fair and varying provinces of France, far from the levelling down of revolutionary Paris. And now he salutes reverently "Our Lords the Dead!" In his child's book on "French Friendships"—for grown-up children—he teaches his little Philip in Joan of Arc's country how to listen to the bells with their lessons of other days. This, too, he repeated in a roundabout way to the grave Academicians in his eulogy of his predecessor in the Academy, the Cuban Heredia. That son of the Spanish conquistador, who was to put into faultless French rhyme the exotic deeds of his ancestors, came for his early studies to a provincial school in France.

The young Heredia had not, from father to son, heard the bells of France, nor wondered at the birds painted on the copes in our churches, nor felt how divinely sweet are the taper lights flickering in broad day at our funerals. For him the sharply defined colors and accented songs of Cuba were a necessity.

Before the Paris publishing season recovers from its holiday debauch, there are a few books still to be noticed.

"Les Métèques"—a romance of Parisian manners and morals—is not the work of a Parisian at all, but of M. Binet-Valmer, who writes the French of Geneva. A "métèque"—μέτοικος in the Athens of Aristophanes—is an alien suffered to live in a foreign city on condition that he pays his scot. Such are Greeks and rich Americans of mixed descent in Paris—but perhaps M. Binet-Valmer is not an Aristophanes. His style strives after color and photographic detail, now hammers and scolds, and again falls into banality. The rich old Greek, George Avrinos, lives in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne. His neighbor and great friend is another métèque, a Rumanian "millionaire, and consequently a prince." The Greek writes analyses of decadent poetry for the Athenian newspapers, and patronizes impresarios, ballet-dancers, young French novelists who know Paris society best—and is never ready with his money for the rent. Antoine, the Greek's eldest son, marries into the French aristocracy. On an unlucky day this wife of a Parisian Greek meets "Mr. Welstein Van Clayssen, a native of San Francisco, whose American father was of Dutch origin and had married his servant-girl, who was from Geneva with an Italian mother. This mixture of bloods had produced *le beau* Welstein, whose life is so full of adventure that it would take a book to tell it." That is the kind of Americans we are in Paris, as seen at the small end of a Geneva telescope. What is more, Van Clayssen, who is seeing life in Paris, does it on 30,000 francs a year ($6,000), which is clearly counted billionaire spending in Switzerland. There is a cotton merchant from Calcutta, a rich Turk, an English Lady Cynthia, and yet another American who wind in and out of this book.

The annual novel from Paul Adam is the highly historical romance—"Irène et les Eunuques"—fifty years of Byzantine history in the life of that decorative Athenian woman who was empress for twenty years and was then left to die in exile in Lesbos. Interesting research has been made in this field of late years and Paul Adam proclaims his archæological debt to M. Diehl, who

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is a sure authority and quite as accessible to the general reader. Those who wish to supplement their Gibbon with the new learning mingled with very Byzantine love tales can pore over the rather metallic pages of M. Adam, who has so often narrowly escaped being a great writer.

G. Sorel, already known as applying Socialist principles to the interpretation of history, has completed his four studies of "Le Système Historique de Renan." He belongs to that younger school of which the Italian Professor Ferrero is so brilliant a representative. If the same literary talent with which this school begins should persist we shall have an interesting renaissance of historical writing, with a novelty of its own—documents interpreted on the principles of the coming years. In the immense "Histoire Socialiste," edited by M. Jaurès, there is a new volume by Georges Renard, with preface by M. Millerand, "La République de 1848."

At the other extreme M. Douais, now bishop of Beauvais, gives a substantial volume on the Inquisition in its procedure and development in the south of France; a work at first hand in a field where the author distinguished himself more than twenty years ago, when he supplemented and corrected the work of the late Auguste Molinier. His strong point is personal knowledge from the inside, of the religious and canonical traditions which have persisted from that time until now in French Catholicism. Père Lecanuet, author of the life of Montalembert, begins a complete history of the Church of France under the Third Republic: the present volume treats especially of the period ending with the final downfall of the Conservative Republic and the advent of Gambetta to power. The work will, of course, lead up to the Culturkampf of to-day, from which it takes its immediate interest. S. D.

Correspondence.

MR. RHODES ON THE ALABAMA CLAIMS

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The completion by James Ford Rhodes of "The History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877," is an event of no small import in the annals of American historical achievements. The author, as we all know, is painstaking and impartial, and his work bids fair to continue long as the accepted authority for its period. Mr. Rhodes frankly says that the critics of his earlier volumes have been helpful to him in making corrections. Whoever, therefore, discovers an error in his pages feels encouraged to point it out.

Thus I venture to comment on one or two statements, in the chapter of volume vi. devoted to the Alabama Claims and the action of the United States in 1872 before the Tribunal of Arbitration at Geneva. Mr. Rhodes seems to have done injustice, unwittingly, of course, to an eminent man, whose public service has long entitled him to grateful recognition and high praise. I refer to the Hon. John Chandler Bancroft Davis (still living in Washington, at an advanced age), formerly Assistant Secretary of State and Agent of the United States at Geneva, then our Minister to Germany, subsequently a Judge of the Court of Claims, and not long ago Reporter of the Supreme Court of the United States. Only three men now survive of the American party in attendance at Geneva during the summer of 1872—Bancroft Davis, Brooks Adams, and myself. From a distinct recollection of what occurred during those memorable months at Paris and Geneva, and from a fairly accurate knowledge of the persons who participated in that great international lawsuit, I feel authorized to speak, both as to the character of the steps taken by the two Governments, and as to the labor performed by their representatives. I discuss this matter in the columns of the *Nation*, instead of addressing a private letter to the author himself, for the reason that it is but fair that the effect of his animadversions should be counteracted, so far as possible, in a circle of readers interested in the truth of history.

Lack of space forbids quoting Mr. Rhodes at length, or pointing out all the instances in which his narrative treats unfairly our agent at Geneva. The following extract is from page 364:

> The document entitled "The Case of the United States" is not one for an American to be proud of. It harped on the concession of belligerent rights to the Confederacy, and stated what was untrue when it said that "Her Majesty's Government was actuated at that time by a conscious unfriendly purpose towards the United States." This occurs in the first chapter entitled, "The Unfriendliness of Great Britain," wherein much that is true is irrelevant and discourteous.

This is a serious indictment. Whether the "Case" be in truth a document for an American to be proud of is, to be sure, a matter of opinion. Bancroft Davis wrote every word of that document. So far as perfect clearness of statement and felicity of expression are concerned, "The Case of the United States" may be pronounced almost faultless. That it more than met public expectation at the time is evident from the letters of approval and thanks that poured in upon the Agent of the United States from prominent men—lawyers, merchants, authors, and the like—in various parts of the country. Americans in that day were proud of the "Case." Says that most competent critic, Caleb Cushing:

> It was my opinion on reading the American Case for the first time, and it is my opinion now, that it is not only a document of signal ability, learning, and forensic force—which indeed everybody admits—but it is also temperate in language and dignified in spirit, as becomes any State paper which is issued in the name of the United States. . . . The facts are pertinent; its reasonings are cogent; its conclusions are logical. "Treaty of Washington" (1873), p. 31.

In a word, the "Case" met the need of a vigorous assertion of our rights, in terms diplomatic and courteous. If it "harped" on the concession of belligerent rights, it must be confessed that the Counsel for the United States (Messrs. Cushing, Evarts, and Waite) kept up the harping in their Argument. (III. Gen. Arbit., pp. 10-11).

Mr. Rhodes further appears to be laboring under some misapprehension in imagining that Mr. Davis wrote what he knew (or ought to know) was untrue. It was the duty of the Agent of the United States to bring to the attention of the neutral Arbitrators the fact of the existence of unfriendly feeling on the part of the English Government. It is nothing to the point that labored attempts of to-day are undertaking to show that the people of the United States were mistaken as to the spirit animating the governing powers of England during the dark hours of the war. Such attempts may succeed in proving that our feelings caused us to exaggerate somewhat the extent of that unfriendliness. But nothing can now be brought forward to shake the convictions established in those days, after deep regret, in the minds of all friends of the Union.

As to the charge of discourtesy, perhaps the best reply is the terse remark of M. Moreau of Paris, a distinguished member of the French bar. After he had read the "Case," in the French version, he quietly observed to our agent: "Vos paroles sont douces; mais vos faits sont brutaux." No one who has ever known Bancroft Davis can for a moment imagine him to have been guilty of discourtesy in any relation of life. Moreover, the charge finds no justification in the pages of the American case.

"These objectionable statements and arguments of Bancroft Davis, so far as I have been able to discover," continues Mr. Rhodes, "did not in the least strengthen our cause." Yet some time after the Tribunal had finally adjourned, Count Sclopis, upon being pressed for an answer to the inquiry, what was it that gained the award, replied: "The case prepared by Mr. Davis. It was that which won the cause." The president of the Tribunal spoke the literal truth.

On the day appointed by the treaty, the United States laid before the Tribunal a clear, explicit, and strong statement of facts—an exposition of the duty of England, and of her failure to perform that duty; a list of the acts and omissions on the part of English officials, together with proof of oft-repeated expressions from those in authority, declaring their sympathy for the success of the Southern Confederacy. The story was told calmly, and without embellishment, yet with a cogency and force, from the effect of which there could be no escape. It was this superb marshalling of the facts that convinced the arbitrators of the justice of the American cause.

Mr. Rhodes says further:

> But chapter i. was not the worst feature in the Case of the United States. Chapters i.—v. were submitted for advice to President Woolsey, Judge Hoar, Caleb Cushing, and Hamilton Fish, but in chapter vi. Bancroft Davis gave himself a free hand, and almost wrecked the arbitration. He revived the national and indirect claims, etc.

The charge that Bancroft Davis "almost wrecked the arbitration" is entirely wide of the mark. If the clamor in the English press consequent upon the discovery that the American case did not ignore the "indirect claims," had resulted in a breakdown at Geneva, because of a refusal by England to proceed with the arbitration, the American agent could not have been held in the least accountable. The President had directed Mr. Davis to prepare the case. This labor Mr. Davis performed. He included among "*all* the claims" (to use the words of the treaty), the indirect claims, "in the exact language of the protocol."

To judge from the extract just quoted, one would suppose that Bancroft Davis, in

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drafting chapter vi. had acted solely upon his own responsibility. Mr. Rhodes evidently believes such to be the fact. The truth is, so far from giving himself "a free hand," Mr. Davis acted immediately under the eye of his chief. The American case was submitted to Mr. Fish, who read it through from beginning to end, and approved it in its entirety. The secretary of state and the assistant secretary acted in perfect official harmony.

When put to the test Mr. Davis had the courage to assume any burden that it had become his duty to assume. It was the tact and the stamina of Bancroft Davis that in the presence of danger actually rescued the treaty from failure. The world may never know how large a measure of credit is due to the sagacity and the nerve of both Lord Tenterden and Bancroft Davis. Happily for England and for the United States, these two men believed each in the other. Mutual confidence and a unity of purpose enabled the Englishman and the American to work together in preparing a way by which the "indirect claims" could honorably be disposed of, and the treaty saved. After these two men, upon their own responsibility, had struck hands, it was agreed that Mr. Davis should ask Mr. Adams to take the open and visible step leading to action by the tribunal. Mr. Adams acted with equal skill. The disposition that was thereupon made of the subject matter which had threatened a rupture of the treaty, has now become familiar history. The great principle was then and there settled of the extent to which, in time of war, a neutral Government is liable for failure to observe its obligations to either belligerent. It was this initiative act, the honor of which belongs equally to the respective agents, that constitutes the crowning merit of Bancroft Davis's inestimable services to his country.

The foregoing observations have been submitted from no spirit of controversy, but only that this chapter in our national affairs may be accurately viewed. I believe that our foremost historian will gladly apply himself anew to the study of these events in order to ascertain whether, because of imperfect data, this first sketch by him of the Treaty of Washington, and the Tribunal of Arbitration, does not in some particulars need revision.

FRANK WARREN HACKETT.

Washington, January 24.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE CIVIL WAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society for the last quarter there is an interesting and important paper by the president on Lord Granville and his connection with the attitude of Great Britain towards the United States during and subsequent to the civil war, which revives the arraignment of the conduct of the British Government.

There were no doubt in the Cabinet, as elsewhere, differences, shades, and fluctuations of personal opinion and sentiment, on one of which the president's paper throws light. The premier, Palmerston, who in general might have been thought likely to sympathize with the South, was the self-proclaimed arch-enemy of slavery. But the Cabinet, as a whole, was steadily resolved on neutrality, and firmly opposed to intervention, the French Emperor's suggestion of which found no response. For mediation the Cabinet was always ready, as, considering what the British people were suffering from the cotton famine, it well might be, and of this disposition there were naturally special manifestations at those turns of the war when mediation seemed likely to be welcome. On the crisis of opinion produced in the Cabinet by one of these turns and the consequent discussion, Mr. Charles F. Adams has laid his fingers. But it was "mediation," not intervention, always of which the thought was entertained, though the acceptance of mediation by the North would have meant recognition of the independence of the South.

That Gladstone held Confederate stock is an exploded fiction. That it should ever have been credited, shows the prevalence of angry suspicion in those quarters. His Newcastle utterance was a mistake, but there can be no doubt that it was made in a spirit of perfect good will towards the North, which he believed, and at that juncture might well believe, to be engaged in a hopeless war. That the South was a nation, though a nation suddenly formed by an inevitable disruption, is a fact which will stand in history as well as in Mr. Gladstone's speech. Its Government was acknowledged, its flag flew, its laws were obeyed, its currency passed over the whole of its domain. Not for a moment did the North treat the South otherwise than as a belligerent entitled to all the laws of war. The Southerners, after their surrender, were treated as rebels, but with not less impolicy than injustice, since the consequence was the exclusion of their leading men, such as Lee and Longstreet, from a share in the work of reconstruction, which fell into violent hands.

There was no moral reason whatever why any one should withhold sympathy from the South in its struggle for independence except slavery, any design against which Lincoln and Congress had expressly disclaimed. We Liberals had our strong political motives for sympathy with the North, but they were not binding on Tories.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

Toronto, January 21.

DISCLAIMER FROM PROFESSOR MÜNSTERBERG.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After my return from Europe a few days ago, I found on my desk a delightful variety of interviews with me which had recently appeared in the American papers. They covered nearly the whole political globe and settled all the leading international problems. Their only weakness was that, by chance or otherwise, during my absence from America I did not speak a single political word for publication, and those fabricated interviews were partly pure inventions, partly absurd and silly distortions of private conversations.

The first taste of this method came to me four weeks ago, when the European papers brought a cablegram from Washington stating officially that I was unauthorized to proclaim the completion of a tariff agreement between the American and German tariff commissioners in Berlin. When I examined the case, I found this: At a dinner party some one asked me whether the rumor were true that there was friction between the commissioners; I answered that I had seen members of both sides that same day and that they had assured me that all went on "harmoniously." Intentionally I did not add a word with reference to the negotiations themselves. A few hours later the gentleman to whom I had spoken reported to his friend on my authority that the negotiations were successful; and this man gave it to a reporter, who understood that an agreement had been reached. He cabled to New York in the form of an interview with me that the commissioners had settled on a tariff agreement. The State Department replied to that very correctly that the Commission had no such rights—a fact with which I was not entirely unfamiliar. I then wired to the New York *Herald* how the matter stood.

In other cases I did not think it worth while to send a rectification of such worthless tales. This was especially true with regard to the inane interview on James Bryce, with Japan, the Emperor, and the Washington diplomats thrown in. It originated in an unpolitical little German paper and was manufactured by a promising young journalist, who actually did see me, but for the purpose of asking me about a scientific problem in psychology. I did not take any notice of it, as I saw that not a single German newspaper took such grotesque gossip seriously; it was nowhere even quoted. I had the more right to ignore it as three American correspondents, among them the representative of the Associated Press, assured me that they had not made any use of such an evidently preposterous interview. I could not foresee that some one would cable it, nevertheless, and that it would here go through most of the leading papers as if it had been published in Germany in a representative political newspaper. I did not discover this situation till my return, and am therefore late with my denial. I am grateful to the *Nation* for marking at once its hesitation in accepting such expressions as authentic.

Of all the inventions of that last interview none troubles me more than the suggestion that James Bryce would exert an anti-German influence in Washington. No one admires the author of the best book on the Americans more than I do, and no one feels more grateful for his continuously proven friendship for Germany. I welcome his mission to the United States from my deepest heart, just because I know that the productive activity of two such men as Baron Sternburg and James Bryce, in Washington, will best and most safely bring about that for which I have hoped and worked during my whole American career—an intimate friendship between the United States, Great Britain, and Germany.

HUGO MÜNSTERBERG.

Cambridge, Mass, January 25.

ORIGIN OF THE METRIC SYSTEM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Hallock and Wade's "Outlines of the Evolution of Weights and Measures and the Metric System," the first mention of the metric system is ascribed to Gabriel

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Mouton, vicar of St. Paul's Church, Lyons, "who first proposed in 1670 a comprehensive decimal system having as a basis the length of an arc of one minute of a great circle of the earth. . . . This geometric foot was further defined by Mouton as corresponding to a pendulum making 3,959.2 vibrations in a half-hour at Lyons. This proposition contained essentially the germ of the modern metric system, and Mouton's suggestion of the pendulum was soon repeated by Picard (1671), and by Huygens (1673)."

The honor of the proposition, however, does not belong to a Frenchman, but to an Englishman. One of the first occupations of several mathematical members of the Royal Society, which was established in the beginning of the sixties of the seventeenth century and began to publish its Transactions in 1665, was the determination of a standard measure. Christopher Wren suggested that this standard be determined by the vibration of the pendulum, since time was a natural measure that depended upon the revolution of the earth, which was supposed to be everywhere equal and uniform. Exact measurements were undertaken by Huygens, a member, and by Brouncker, the president, of the society, and it was found that the length of a carefully constructed pendulum, the duration of whose vibration was precisely a second, was 38 Rhineland, or 39¼ English, inches. All this was before 1666.

The chief desideratum, bequeathed by Bacon in his "Advancement of Learning," which the Royal Society set out to materialize, was a universal language, and the elaboration of it was intrusted to the dean of Ripon, John Wilkins, who had approached the subject as early as 1641. Wilkins worked out his project in a large folio volume, "An Essay Towards a Real Character and Philosophical Language," which was consumed in the great fire of 1666 and was reprinted two lears later. In this work the author touches upon a number of universal problems, among them also upon the question of a standard of measure. He suggests that an octaval system would really be far better than a decimal system, because it is capable of more convenient divisions by powers of two, but thinks that general custom has forever determined upon decimals, and so he does not wish to insist upon a change of it. As to the standard of measure, he mentions the previous theory of those who wanted to find it in a subdivision of a degree upon the earth, and another, based upon "the quicksilver experiment." The first he rejects as difficult and impracticable, and the latter as uncertain, on account of the varying density and gravity of the air. He is, therefore, obliged to accept the discoveries of Wren, Brouncker, and Huygens, and makes the above-mentioned length of the pendulum the standard, which he calls a foot. One-tenth of a foot is an inch; one-tenth of an inch, a line; ten standards are a perch; ten perches, a furlong; ten furlongs, a mile; ten miles, a league. A cubical content of the standard he calls a bushel, and this he decimally divides into pecks, quarts, and pints, and multiplies by tens for higher denominations. The cubical content of a bushel of distilled rainwater he calls a hundred, and this is decimally subdivided into stone, pound, ounce, dram, gram, scruple, and grain. A cube of the standard of pure gold or silver is to be a talent of gold or silver, and this is subdivided into hundreds, pounds, angels, shillings, pence, and farthings.

Wilkins concludes this remarkable consideration with the words: "I mention these particulars, not out of any hope or expectation that the world will ever make use of them, but only to show the possibility of reducing measures to one determined certainty." LEO WIENER.

Harvard University, January 22.

Notes.

He would be hard to suit who could not find in the list of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. the edition to his taste of Longfellow's complete or separate works. In connection with the coming centenary (February 27) the firm is publishing a special Sketch of Longfellow's Life, by Charles Eliot Norton, together with his chief autobiographical poems. Professor Norton is qualified to speak of Longfellow as is no other living man.

Dr. Wilfred Grenfell is preparing what is designed to be the standard book of information about Labrador. He himself will write the chapter on economics and the coast and fjords. Various specialists will contribute the rest of the work. Revells plan to have the volume ready for publication next autumn.

The Cambridge University Press, of which Putnams are the American representatives, announces three new books: "Modern Spain: 1815-1898," by H. Butler Clarke; "The Book of Isaiah, according to the Septuagint (codex Alexandrinus)," translated and edited by R. R. Ottley, and "A Treatise on the Theory of Alternating Currents," by Alexander Russell.

Those who have not yet read E. V. Lucas's now standard "Life of Charles Lamb," will be glad to know that a new and cheaper edition of that work is to be brought out by Methuen of London, and, we suppose, by Putnams in New York. It will contain a hitherto unpublished portrait of Thomas Manning.

Doubleday, Page & Co. are to publish "Under the Sun," written by Percival Landon "in the course of annual wanderings over India during the last five years"; "My Life As an Indian," by J. W. Schultz, and "The Efficient Life," by Luther H. Gulick.

There is to be a uniform handy-volume edition of the great writers of fiction published by A. C. McClurg & Co. The first ten volumes will be brought out in the autumn of this year.

Henry Holt & Co. are printing "The Honorable Peter Stirling" for the fifty-first time. For how many dreadful political novels has that book been responsible!

Wentworth Smith's "The Hector of Germanie" (1615), edited by Leonidas Warren Payne, jr., and Thomas Heywood's "The Royall King and Loyall Subject" (1637), edited by Kate Watkins Tibbals, constitute respectively Vols. XI. and XII. of The Publications of the University of Pennsylvania: Series in Philology and Literature. In each case the text is a reproduction, *literatim et punctuatim*, of the original quarto. The second of these plays, which is founded on a novel in Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," has a certain interest, inasmuch as it appears to have been used by Fletcher in his "Loyal Subject." There have been already, however, three modern editions of Heywood's play. On the other hand, "The Hector of Germanie," which, to be sure, has but little claim to literary merit, is here edited for the first time. The play was written, it seems, just after the marriage of Elizabeth, daughter of James I., with the Elector Palatine, and, as the prologue tells us, it was acted not by professional actors, but a band of tradesmen. In a careful introduction Mr. Payne examines the question of the possible connection of Wentworth Smith with various plays of the sixteenth and early seventeenth century, and comes to the conclusion that "The Hector of Germanie" is the only authentic play of this writer extant, with the probable exception of "Nobody and Somebody" (1606). The notes that are appended to the texts of these plays are both meagre and amateurish.

Some fresh light is thrown on the discussion over simplified spelling in the January issue of the Oxford English Dictionary (H. Frowde)—Mesne-Misbirth, under Mr. Henry Bradley's supervision. Meter (a gauge), first used in connection with gas (gas-meter), detached itself about 1830, with rare tendencies to become Frenchified in its ending. Etymologically it seems allied to Meter (a measurer, agent of the verb Mete). The suffix -meter, on the other hand, was originally clapped upon Greek noun-stems, and stood for the Greek *metron*, but has since received a wide and ungrammatical extension in word-formation. The spelling seemed still more likely to be fixed when Metre (rhythm) was taken over from the Latin into Old English as Meter; but in the fourteenth century it was readopted from the French as Metre, and by and bye came along the Metre of the metric system. Can reformers say that Meter represents the derivation more truly than or as broadly as Metre? And, the orthography once mastered, is there no convenience in having both endings current for different senses? Is not the reform vainly resisting a natural, if arbitrary, disposition to differentiate the spelling when the sense-evolution takes too wide a range? This is what happened to Metal (variant Mettle in all senses) when it passed to the meaning of quality, temperament; it began distinctively to be spelled Mettle, and some time after 1706, when this was first confirmed by a dictionary, the cleavage became complete. The pronunciation remained the same as the second usage for Metal, and phonetically it would be hard to say which form should claim precedence. Meanwhile everybody recognizes the advantage of the ocular discrimination. Lastly, what shall be done to onomatopoetic synonyms like the cat's cry Mew (1325), Miaow (1634), Miaul (1632)?

As usual, the amount of historical information here brought together is enormous. Compare Minus, Minute, and the prefix Mis-, which last, as a Teutonic derivative, was most prolifically employed in the seventeenth century. Its parallel form, borrowed from Old French *mes-* (Latin *minus*),

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has produced little, and is stressed in English only in the case of Mischief, Mischievous, and Miscreant. Curious is it that the southern countries of Continental Europe have a short Mile, from following the Latin model; the northern a long, after the Teutonic. The decay of hunting in England is mirrored in the word Meuse, the lucky gap in the hedge by which the hare escapes his pursuers. It is now included as archaic in county glossaries of 1884, 1886, and used with quotation-marks in the *Athenæum* in 1895. The invention of Mezzotint engraving is positively assigned to the Hessian Col. Ludwig von Siegen, who taught it to his clever pupil Prince Rupert. Mess, coupled with food, vegetables, and the like, was in vogue as far back as 1513; no quotation of it has been found for the eighteenth century, and it has become stranded on these shores as an Americanism. "In our Midst" (with variable possessive) dates from 1794, but is a nineteenth-century usage. Our new British ambassador wrote "in the camp's midst" in his "Holy Roman Empire." We are surprised not to find an entry for the Russian Mir, vulgarized in our literature some thirty years ago by Mackenzie Wallace, and surely rather to be looked for than Miryachit (a Siberian mimetic nervous disease), or than Duma, already as well naturalized as Reichstag. Milton's famous "Eagle muing her mighty youth" has a paragraph to itself for the sake of two interpretations of Mew, neither conclusive. Finally, we remark, under the substantive Might, this quotation from T. Roosevelt (in his New York volume in the Historic Towns series, 1891): "Spain . . . was a power whose might was waning." Who could have guessed his part in giving it its *coup de grâce* within seven years of the date of his writing?

We have another important contribution to Arthurian study to record in "The Arthurian Material in the Chronicles, especially those of Great Britain and France," by Robert Huntington Fletcher, which constitutes Vol. X. of the Harvard "Studies and Notes in Philology and Literature" (Ginn & Co.). The author traces accurately and with a completeness never attempted before the Arthurian tradition as it developed in the chronicles from Gildas to the end of the sixteenth century. It is not his fault if his researches have not brought to light any considerable new material. Perhaps the most interesting find of this nature noted in the work is the account of Arthur's end in the Chronicle of the Monastery of Hales which the author had already called attention to in Vol. XVIII. of the Publications of the Modern Language Association. Mr. Fletcher has earned the gratitude of all Arthurian students by the thoroughness of his investigations in this voluminous and irksome material.

In "The Enemy at Trafalgar" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) Edward Fraser has collected picturesque details of the great battle obtained from French and Spanish sources. The treatment is anecdotic, and is reinforced by a number of illustrations and portraits. One or two of the plans reproduced are of some interest for the controversy as to Nelson's tactics, though that question is not dealt with in the text.

When Denman concluded his defence of Caroline, wife of George IV., with one of the most inapt quotations ever used by a lawyer, the town took it up and crystallized its verdict on the famous trial in the well-known epigram:

> Gracious lady, we implore,
> Go away and sin no more;
> But if that effort be too great,
> Go away, at any rate.

The sentiment of the epigram has much to justify it. The whole story of Queen Caroline is uninspiring and sordid. It has more than once been told. Prof. G. P. Clerici, however, now presents us with a new version entitled "A Queen of Indiscretions," translated into English by Frederic Chapman (John Lane). The book has for its chief attractions a series of illustrations, of which several are of interest, and some new, if not very important, evidence as to Caroline's doings in Italy.

The obvious reflection that will occur to a reader of "The Lodging House Problem in Boston" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), by Prof. Albert Benedict Wolfe of Oberlin College, is that the difficulty of housing city wage-earners—a question of immense importance in its moral and political implications—is being heightened by lack of special knowledge. The average notion is that proper tenement-house building and regulation would remedy most of the evils of the housing problem. This ignores the fact that in large cities the tenement, the apartment, and the lodging, or rooming, house are sharply distinct in the social quality and economic position of their occupants. It matters not that State laws may have included them in one definition or only vaguely recognized the different conditions under which they have developed. A general change of fashionable residence in cities brings a new class of dwellers. In this way the South End lodging-house section of Boston, formerly filled with residences of the well-to-do, has become a compact mass of houses rented to about 30,000 people by the week or month. These are mostly skilled mechanics and mercantile employees, with an exceptionally low birth rate and other social characteristics worthy of the closest study in their bearing upon the morality and economic efficiency of the city population. Professor Wolfe, whose book is the second in the series of Harvard Economic Studies, does a distinct service in pointing out that the lodging-house factor has been neglected in the literature of the housing problem. The question as to how far the condition of the Boston South End section is typical of other large American cities is important. It must remain unanswered until the example set by Professor Wolfe shall be emulated by other well-qualified investigators.

A spirit of devout industry is manifest in "The Master of the World: A Study of Christ," by Charles Lewis Slattery, Dean of the Cathedral in Faribault (Longmans, Green & Co.). The book attempts to interpret Jesus Christ in the light of modern scholarship, but at the same time to fuse with the primary sources of information concerning him all the subsequent doctrines which have grown up around his person. The endeavor to make a clear, consistent, historical picture by combining all New Testament documents as of equal weight, is a considerable undertaking; and when Dean Slattery proposes to add to his sources all the dogmas of the ages, and even "all the present faith," one must admire his daring, rather than respect his historical judgment. As a matter of fact, the creeds have outweighed the gospels in influence upon the author, and the figure he presents is strictly according to classic dogma. Some of his original, imaginative suggestions are of questionable merit, as when he argues that since our Lord was "a statesman," he must have chosen a disciple like John, the author of the Fourth Gospel, "who could directly transmit a conception of Him adequate to the inspiration of the Church in all ages." Of like sort is the notion that Joseph imparted to the youthful Jesus the secret of his miraculous birth at the visit to the temple, and that the conduct of the lad with the doctors may be thus explained.

The Noble Lectures at Harvard, founded in memory of Phillips Brooks, were delivered in 1906 by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, D.D., President of Union Theological Seminary. His addresses, "Christ and the Human Race" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), were an attempt to set forth "the attitude of Jesus Christ toward foreign races and religions," and to inculcate mutual sympathy and understanding between adherents of Eastern and Western faiths.

In "The Story and Song of Black Roderick" (Harper & Brothers), Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement K. Shorter) has related, in a mixture of prose and ballad verse, a Celtic fairy-tale, the story of a young bride who, neglected by her wicked lord, the Black Earl, pined and died. In heaven the knowledge of his damnation would not let her rest, and she was permitted to spend twice seven years in hell working out his salvation. This is the sort of tale that W. B. Yeats collected in his "Fairy and Folk Tales," and that Douglas Hyde is still collecting in Roscommon and Galway. These stories are usually told in a rather bald fashion, but Mrs. Shorter has made the most of hers. Her grammar, not quite impeccable in her earlier poems, occasionally disconcerts the reader in the prose portion of this little book.

The "Esquisse historique de la littérature française au moyen Âge" (Paris: Armand Colin), which has just appeared, is the original text of the "Mediæval French Literature" which the late Gaston Paris contributed to the "Temple Primers" (Dent, 1902). In its French form, however, the work, besides being somewhat fuller, is free from the errors which disfigured the translation. The numbering of paragraphs and the addition of an index and notes constitute still further improvements. M. Paris did not complete the annotation of the volume, himself, but Paul Meyer has assumed this task for the uncompleted portion, the notes of the author being in the nature of additions to the text, whilst those of M. Meyer are purely bibliographical. We may say in passing, that it seems a pity that neither M. Paris nor M. Meyer has indicated in these notes the important changes which the views of the former underwent near the end of his life in regard to the lost works of Chétien de Troies and the date of his death, as set forth in the admirable articles on "Cliges" in the

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Journal des Savants for 1902. It may be remarked that the author's well-known "Littérature française au moyen âge" does not render the present work superfluous. In the first place, more than a quarter of the present work is devoted to a period not included in the earlier treatise, viz., the fifteenth century. The arrangement of material, moreover, is totally different in the two books. In the older work the treatment was according to *genres*. Here it is according to periods, so that the whole literary production of the different periods is treated in due succession.

With the eleventh volume of "L'Empire Libéral" (Paris: Garnier Frères) Émile Ollivier at last brings us to the immediate preliminaries of the great war with which his own name is particularly associated. There is much in it deserving of notice: the anti-Prussian negotiations of France, Austria, and Italy in 1869; the affair of the Belgian railways; Rochefort and the *Lanterne*. Although the old ideas as to the origin of the Franco-Prussian war which were founded on the very *ex parte* statements of German pamphleteers and historians are now fast passing out of acceptance, we have here many side-lights on the attitude of the Prussian war party that reinforce later opinion. As against this, perhaps the most remarkable page of the whole book tells the other way. It is a letter from Napoleon to Niel, written in February, 1869, at the time of the Franco-Belgian difficulty over the railroad question. In this the Emperor asks his minister of war to draw up a plan of operations for massing two armies, one towards the Rhine, the other towards the Belgian frontier. "France," he writes, "feels herself diminished since the successes of Prussia; she is on the lookout for an opportunity of reëstablishing her influence . . . without arousing the passions of Germany." The quarrel with Belgium did not concern Prussia; what was to prevent invasion and annexation? Thus ran the argument. Taken alongside of Benedetti's unfortunate Belgian proposal after Sadowa, which Bismarck so cleverly gave to the London *Times* in July, 1870, there is enough in this document utterly to condemn Napoleon's policy. It was, of course, only a flash in the pan, but a flash in the pan may explode a magazine. However much it may now be necessary to deduct from German statements about the war of 1870, it would be very easy to go too far in exculpation of France. At the close of this volume M. Ollivier leaves us at the Hohenzollern candidacy; he has planned to finish his great work in four more volumes, a wonderful task for a man now eighty-two years of age.

A rather novel book on colonies is that of Alexander Supan, the editor of Petermann's *Mitteilungen* (Gotha). The author complains that there is no "general history of colonization in chronological sequence and on the lines of world-history." Not enough is made, he says, of the territorial development, the gradual space-filling, which interests the geographer; but all attention is concentrated upon inner colonial policy. Hence he calls his work "Die Territoriale Entwickelung der Europäischen Kolonien." Thus the book is really colonization from the geographer's standpoint; and we hasten to signalize at least one strong point thereby attained. The detail maps are profuse and the atlas of colonial history appended is unique of its kind. A conspectus of the spread of the dominant white race's power is graphically presented. Of the text not so much can be said. The treatment is episodical rather than genetic; it does not afford any new and valuable points of view—in short, it is not the work of an economist or sociologist. It may be objected that Supan pretends to neither title, but it is likewise possible to retort that he should then have stuck to the exact subject he proposed to himself. The work is not alive; there is no *Leitmotiv*. The value of this book we conceive to be that of an intelligently written chronicle, for although the author does not draw upon a large or particularly reliable set of authorities, he seems to have taken from them, on the whole, their least objectionable data. If this book were translated into English it would somewhat resemble J. Scott Keltie's "Partition of Africa" in furnishing a pretty complete set of facts for students to learn, under the guidance and power of coördination of a good teacher. Inasmuch as the volume was intended to meet the needs of the growing interest of Germans in colonization, perhaps it was intended to subserve, in some degree, such an educational purpose.

It was reported in these columns some weeks ago that Saxony is the first of the German States to make a tentative beginning with the elective system in its secondary schools, especially the classical gymnasium. The project is being discussed in Prussian school circles also; and at the recent national convention of the German gymnasium teachers, Dr. Karl Michaelis, a leading member of the educational board of Berlin, delivered an address, in which he urged that a choice should be permitted to members of the higher classes only between a preponderatingly classical and a preponderatingly mathematical course. The address has appeared as a special brochure, issued by the house of Dürr of Leipzig.

Dr. Friedrich von der Leyen, a recent graduate of Marburg and Göttingen, publishes under the title "Deutsche Universität und deutsche Zukunft" (Jena: Diederichs) a vigorous attack against the growing tendency to educate for the profession rather than for the purpose of giving culture. There are plenty of specialists of world-wide fame, but a lack of *men* who will stand up for a principle. The sciences are multiplying, the organization of scientific work becomes more and more difficult. The author exemplifies his statement from his own specialty, modern philology, which is neglecting the study of the literatures. There are undoubted exaggerations in the book, but it is worth pondering over, both in Europe and in America.

The Bohn edition of Lane's "Arabian Nights" is now completed with the fourth volume, which adds a review of the origin and history of the "Nights," a translation of "Aladdin" from Zotenberg's text—both by Professor Lane-Poole—and "Ali Baba," the common rendering touched up from Galland's French—all there is in the case. The translation of "Aladdin" is sound and vigorous, and in every way more readable style than Lane had at his command. But there is one slip very strange in the past master in Arabic numismatics. Professor Lane-Poole does not seem to have recognized that "Africa" in this story means Tunis; the "land of Africa" means the country around and belonging to Tunis—Tunisia; and that, therefore, the "African magician" of our childhood is really the Tunisian magician. Africa (Ifrīqīya) was, of course, the old name of Tunis, and the way in which the name is here applied ("the city of Africa," Lane-Poole, p. 337; Zotenberg, p. 15; "the gardens of Africa," Lane-Poole, p. 396, Zotenberg, p. 69; etc.) makes it certain that such is the meaning here. Nor did Mr. Payne in his version recognize this use; yet he felt the difficulty and has notes on pp. 88 and 127 of his "Alaeddin and the Enchanted Lamp" remarking that the story-teller takes the province for a city. Burton, too, was equally in the dark. That Tunis was especially famous for magic does not seem to be elsewhere recorded. Such was, and is, the reputation rather of Morocco and of Africa farther west in general, and in this same tale the magician is also called a Maghribi, strictly a Moroccan. The "review" might with advantage have been lengthened, but within its limits (19 pages) it is an admirable piece of work. One definite conclusion is that the present general form of the "Nights" must have been reached between the accession of Saladin (1169) and the fall of Baghdad (1258). This seems tolerably certain, but perhaps the qualification "general" above will have to be taken somewhat broadly. When Galland's manuscript is published *in extenso*, as now seems probable, and Seybold has published the Tübingen "Umar an-Nu'man" we shall know much more.

The "Book of Enoch" is not exactly an "anecdoton," yet its inclusion in the "Anecdota Oxoniensia" is amply justified. ("The Ethiopic Version of the Book of Enoch," edited by R. H. Charles. Oxford: Henry Frowde.) Its Ethiopic text is now at last reconstructed by Dr. Charles on the basis of twenty-three manuscripts out of the existent twenty-nine—photographs of fourteen, immediate use of five, collations of four. The other manuscripts are also satisfactorily accounted for, and, therefore, in the present careful text and very full apparatus the task seems done with tolerable finality. The Greek text, or texts, with the Latin fragment, are also fully edited. In all these the advance on Flemming and Radermacher is distinct. When Dr. Charles publishes the revised edition here promised of his translation, the extant evidence will be in a fairly complete and accessible form. In the meantime, he has reached the following general results. He now recognizes that in 1893 he overestimated the value of the Ethiopic version in comparison with the extant Greek text. In this edition, therefore, the Greek, where we have it, is given page by page with the Ethiopic. Further, he has discovered that much of the text was originally written in verse. Again, he has come to the conclusion that the several elements out of which the book was constructed were some in Aramaic and some in Hebrew. He compares this with the part Hebrew part Aramaic state of "Daniel." But there it would be hard to explain the occurrence of the two languages by a theory of composite structure. Finally, the value of photography, and especially of its cheaper processes, is here overwhelmingly plain. To have been

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able to use fourteen manuscripts and to have the type set up from one of these removes the editor of such a text as this at least into purgatory, if not into paradise.

Another valuable contribution to Oriental scholarship has come from the pen of Prof. L. H. Mills of Oxford, whose admirable "Zarathushtra, the Achæmenids, and Israel" was reviewed in the *Nation* of August 30. In the last number of the *Muséon*, published by the University of Louvain, Belgium, he has presented an edition of the first chapter of the Pahlavi or Middle Persian version of the old Avesta "Yasna" in the original type, thus affording a useful text-book on this section. This is the first edition of this text which has been prepared with a collation of all the manuscripts, many of them acquired by Professor Mills for the library of the University of Oxford. For many years he has been engaged in editing and translating the complete Pahlavi version of the "Yasna," and his task now approaches completion. The late Professor Spiegel of Erlangen edited these Pahlavi texts in 1858, but his text, valuable as it is, has become antiquated by the discovery of additional manuscripts. A considerable portion was reëdited by Professor Mills, with a collation of all manuscripts, a transliteration (which is almost equally necessary), and a translation in his "Gathas," published in 1894. The majority of the remaining non-Gathic section has now appeared, chiefly in the *Journal of the American Oriental Society*, the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society*, and the *Zeitschrift der deutschen morgenländischen Gesellschaft*, both in transliteration and translation. It is especially gratifying to note that Professor Mills hints that these scattered editions and translations are to be reprinted in book form as soon as possible, so that we may hope to have a companion volume to his "Gathas," which will contain the remainder of the "Yasna," long a desideratum to the student of Zoroastrian religion, and perchance of value to the theologian as well in these days of dawning interest in comparative religion.

The Egyptian Research Account, for which exclusively W. M. F. Petrie is now working, reports, as the result of the first season's investigation in the Nile Delta, the discovery of a great Hyksos camp, with valuable data relating to that race of invaders, the identification of the site of the temple of the High Priest Onias, and the determination of the location of the store-city, Raamses, built by the enslaved children of Israel for the Egyptian monarch. The identification and study of the other store-city, Pithom (cf. Exod. i. 11), was made somewhat more than a score of years ago, as the initial work of the still active Egypt Exploration Fund.

The Rev. Henry Martyn Field, last of the famous Field brothers, died at Stockbridge, Mass., on Saturday. He was born April 3, 1822, the youngest son of Dr. David Dudley Field, who for sixty years was a prominent New England clergyman. When Field was twelve years old, he entered Williams College, and was graduated in 1838. After studying theology he began his ministerial life as pastor of the Third Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, before he had reached his majority. For five years he labored in what was at that time a far Western country; he then resigned and spent a year in Europe. Returning to America, he became pastor of a Presbyterian church at West Springfield, where he remained from 1850 to 1854. In the latter year he came to New York as one of the editors and proprietors of the *Evangelist*, and later he became sole editor and proprietor. His association with the paper covered a period of forty-four years. In 1875-6, Dr. Field travelled around the world, describing his experiences in the two volumes entitled respectively "From the Lakes of Killarney to the Golden Horn" (1876), and "From Egypt to Japan" (1877). These books were followed by a number of others—chiefly impressions of travel—all of which have attained considerable popularity. Dr. Field also wrote the lives of his brothers David and Cyrus. He has been a voluminous contributor to newspapers and magazines.

Moritz Steinschneider, the Hebrew scholar, died Monday in Berlin in his ninety-first year. Professor Steinschneider was born in Prossnitz in 1816. He equipped himself for his later work as a student and bibliographer of Hebraic and Oriental literature by a long course of study in various German universities. He began to teach in Prague in 1842; and in 1845 he went to Berlin, where for many years he was connected with different schools—among others a high school for girls. He was the author of many standard bibliographical works, dealing with Jewish manuscripts in the Bodleian, and in the libraries of Munich, Berlin, and other cities. Professor Steinschneider's article on Jewish literature in the Ersch and Gruber's Encyclopædia is the first adequate treatment of the subject to appear in extended form.

News comes of the death, January 15, of Prof. Émile Louis Burnouf, at the age of eighty-five. His father was one of the great founders of Oriental philology, and he himself was a scholar of distinction. His most important work was done while he was director of the French School at Athens, a post to which he was appointed by Duruy, in 1867. His "Histoire de la Littérature Grecque" is, perhaps, his best known book.

The Faculty of the Harvard Law School has awarded the James Barr Ames prize of $400 and a bronze medal, which is given every four years to the author of the most meritorious law book or legal essay in the English language, to the late Frederick William Maitland, formerly Dowling professor in Cambridge University, England. The award was made while Mr. Maitland was still alive, but the decision of the judges did not reach him before his death. The award was based on Mr. Maitland's three volumes of the Year Book Series of the Selden Society.

The resources of the New York State Library on January 1, 1907, are shown by the following table:

	Volumes.
General library and travelling libraries.	442,789
Duplicate volumes	171,088
Total number of volumes	593,877
Number of pamphlets, about	487,300
Number of manuscripts, about	265,000
Number of travelling pictures	27,397
Grand total in library	1,373,574

The statistics of the enrolment of students during the present winter semester in the universities of Germany show that the number of women who frequent the universities that admit them to matriculation is steadily increasing. At present there are seven German universities, all but one in South Germany, which admit women on a full equality with men. These have now an enrolment of 254 women students, as compared with 211 during the summer semester and 140 a year ago.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The Tennyson collection of Prof. Albert E. Jack of Lake Forest University was sold on Monday by the Anderson Auction Company of this city. An uncut copy of "The Falcon," in the original blank buff paper covers, printed for copyright or for use of the Kendals, who acted it in December, 1879, brought $200; "The Cup," uncut, the third of Tennyson's privately printed plays, written for Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, who performed it on Christmas Day, 1880, $180; "The Promise of May," the rarest of Tennyson's privately printed plays, produced at the Globe Theatre, in London, in 1882, $180; "The Sailor Boy," printed for Tennyson's use by the Emily Faithfull Victoria Press, London, 1861, $100; "Poems. By Two Brothers," written by Alfred and Charles Tennyson, and the former's first publication, London, 1827, $65. The rage for Tennyson rarities is not so great as it was a few years ago, these figures being below those paid for the same works in the Morgan and Arnold sales.

A hitherto unknown copy of the Latin correspondence between Luther and King Henry VIII. was sold at auction at Sotheby's in London on Tuesday. The correspondence, which concerns the time when King Henry, prior to the English Reformation, won the title of Defender of the Faith, was printed in London, 1525. Only three copies were known of before. This, the fourth copy, was bought on behalf of Mr. Quaritch, for $1,275.

On February 6, the Anderson Auction Company will sell a miscellaneous collection, including books on Lincoln and the Civil War, and Garrick's "Lying Valet," printed at Philadelphia "at the desire of some of the officers in the American Army [Clinton's Thespians] who intend to exhibit at the playhouse for the benefit of families who have suffered in the war for American liberty." Hildeburn gives the date of this publication as 1778, but the date in the auction catalogue is 1776. Hosmer's "Early History of the Maumee Valley," a pamphlet printed at Toledo in 1858, is another interesting little piece.

On February 4 and 5, the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company of this city will offer the library of the late Col. William E. Fitch of Albany. The series of books on Freemasonry, one hundred and seventy lots, is one of the largest put on the market in recent years. For the most part they are modern books, though there are a few American items printed a hundred or more years ago, including "Discourses Illustrating the Principles of Freemasonry," by T. M. Harris, Charlestown, 1801, and "The Freemason's Monitor," Albany, 1797. Several lots contain pamphlets relating to William Morgan and the anti-Masonic excitement in Central and Western New York. Among these is a copy of David Brainard's "Light on Masonry," Utica, 1829. Accord-

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ing to John Camp Williams in his Utica bibliography, at least five editions were printed in Utica in 1829. Among other books in the sale are a few items of Americana, including the Salem edition of the famous "Letters" sent to England by Gov. Hutchinson; Adam Hodgson's "Letters from North America," 1824; Henry Lee's "Oration in Honour of the Memory of Washington," the rare Brooklyn edition, issued by Thomas Kirk, one of the first books printed in Brooklyn. On February 6, the same firm will sell a collection of autograph letters and documents, including a fine A. L. S. of Lord Nelson, letters of Bryant, Holmes, Whittier, Longfellow, and Mark Twain, a manuscript stanza, five lines, in Whittier's hand, and several documents signed by Napoleon.

On February 5 and 6, C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston sell the libraries of the late William T. Pierce of Watertown, Mass., and Prof. J. M. Rice of the Annapolis Naval Academy. Mr. Pierce was chief engineer of the Metropolitan Park Commission of Boston, and his sets of engineering reports, park reports of various cities, and books on road-building will interest the specialist. Among items for collectors are a series of first editions of Henry James's books; the first edition of Barlow's "Vision of Columbus"; a series of sixty-seven water-color views of old buildings in Montreal, in a quarto album; and an autograph poem by Samuel Sewall, a paraphrase of Chapter 26 of Isaiah, 3 pages folio, dated 1698. There is also a set of the Brinley Catalogue with the Index; a set, volumes I. to XI., of "American Book-Prices Current," and other bibliographical works. For the ex-libris collector is a collection of American book-plates, including a large number of Canadian, undoubtedly the most extensive series ever offered for sale.

On February 6, Sotheby, Wilkinson & Hodge of London sell the library of the late A. Jiminez, including some good illustrated sporting books. A copy of Catesby's "Natural History of Carolina, Florida, and the Bahama Islands," with upwards of 200 colored plates of birds and animals, the second (and best) edition, 1754, 2 vols., folio, is one of the notable items.

An exhibition of artistic book-bindings by Charles Meunier, one of the best known of the French craftsmen, is now being held at Dodd, Mead & Co.'s, in this city. Some eighty-odd examples of his work are shown. M. Meunier studied drawing at the Beaux Arts, and became a painter. He then studied sculpture, modelled medals in high and low relief, and finally took a course in architecture and ornament. Then, beginning at the very bottom in a bookbinder's shop, he mastered the art in all its branches.

The late Lady Burdett-Coutts owned one of the finest copies of the First Folio Shakespeare in existence, clean, 12¾ by 8 inches. It was bought for her at the sale of the George Daniel library in 1864 for £716 2s. At that time this was a record price. The highest previous price was 158 guineas, paid by James Lenox of New York for the Lichfield-Baller copy.

A third copy of Sir Thomas Grantham's "An Historical Account of Some Memorable Actions," mentioned in the *Nation* of January 24, is reported from the John Carter Brown Library of Providence. This copy is of the edition of 1716.

STUDIES IN PHILOSOPHY.

Concepts of Philosophy. By Alexander Thomas Ormond. New York: The Macmillan Co. $4 net.

There are three main parts to Professor Ormond's book: (1) an analysis which sets forth the two methods by which man seeks to realize his world: the method of external observation, which results in science, where the aim is to translate agency into terms of natural causation; and the method of inner reflection, which results in metaphysics, where the aim is to construe agency in terms of prevision and finality; (2) a synthesis which, while it justifies the two methods revealed by the analysis, sets forth the necessity of a synthesis of them and an attempt to realize it; (3) a series of deductions, which might more properly be called corollaries, dealing with a number of themes of general philosophical interest. There are added a supplementary chapter on "Man and his Beliefs," a short appendix commenting on the mutation theory, another on the use of the term "consciousness," and an index. The analytical table of contents affords an excellent outline of the work as a whole.

Professor Ormond sees in Kant the great figure in modern philosophy, who by his "Copernican revolution" rescued philosophy from confusion and gave it promise of progress and sobriety. By this revolution philosophers were instructed to seek a solution of their problems, not by beginning with a world of objects supposedly indifferent to our attempts to understand them, but by beginning with the understanding itself, in order to discover what demands must be met if our craving for knowledge is to be thoroughly satisfied. This point of view Professor Ormond adopts, but he avoids with remarkable skill many of the Kantian difficulties. In his "Analysis," for instance, the reader is not asked to attempt to get at the understanding in its purity, uncontaminated with experience. He is bidden, rather, to consider what he is about in his ordinary intellectual operations. He will then discover that he looks out upon a world of things which he attempts to relate in certain ways, by finding out how they operate upon one another; but he will discover also that this method of relating things leaves a region of his interests untouched. For he is himself the individual who does the relating. Taking note of that fact, he looks within upon the world of consciousness which he calls "self," and which is a world of purposeful activity. He will find also that these contrasted points of view of outer observation and inner reflection disclose, when followed out, that they are controlled by certain basal principles which turn out to be the most important "forms" and "categories" of the Kantian system. They have lost, however, their *a priori* aloofness.

Professor Ormond now finds that these contrasted points of view institute a kind of dialectic. They are, at first sight, rivals; and their products, on the one hand science, with its principle of natural causation, and on the other hand metaphysics, with its principle of finality, strive to supplant one another. A deeper insight, however, shows that their apparent opposition is a genuine motive for a progressive synthesis. Science is led to recognize with increasing clearness, as it passes from physics to sociality, and from sociality to religion, that its principle of natural causation, although applicable in all these regions, tends, however, to recognize a deeper nature of things, which is the ground of all natural causation, and the source of its agency. Science is thus brought into friendly relations with metaphysics. For in the inner world where the self is conscious of its own purposeful activity, metaphysics has disclosed the deeper nature of selfhood and the principle of its operation. Thus the way to a synthesis of science and metaphysics is opened. Following Professor Ormond's lead along this way, we are instructed in the doctrine that "consciousness, when adequately conceived, is the great reality" (p. xxix.), or, as he also says, "consciousness is the stuff out of which all other world-substance is, in the end, manufactured" (p. 256).

The book aims not only to develop this doctrine, but also to make clear through its discussions "that when reason asserts its full prerogative, not only as a theoretic faculty, but also as will, it is able to emancipate man from the skepticisms of partisan thinking and direct him in the path of the realization of the highest ideals of his nature" (p. 17). Thus, following many illustrious predecessors, Professor Ormond would discover in philosophy a cure for current ills, which, for our time, arise mainly from the "narrowing effects of specialism, subjective and objective." The cure for inadequate thinking is, most assuredly, more adequate thinking. That is itself the perennial justification of philosophy. A clearer and more rounded vision of things leads to emancipation. But we must ask of any doctrine claiming to offer us emancipation, How far does it minister to that clearer and more rounded vision? For our faith in the general efficacy of philosophy can never be a reason why we should assent to a particular view of the world. We say this not in order to create the impression that Professor Ormond attempts to abuse our intelligence by turning an obvious conviction into an argument for his philosophical doctrine of consciousness as the great reality, but in order to suggest that the practical aim of his book will be measurably realized if its philosophical doctrine is sound. Indeed, we believe that the apparent appeal for attention to a specific doctrine based on the general importance of philosophical speculation is not only outworn, but decidedly misleading. For the spirit of emancipation should be with us at the start. If the suspicion is in any way aroused that the highest ideals of our nature which we may realize are current ideals which our speculations should justify, then philosophy has fallen from the estate of a disinterested inquiry to that of a special pleader. Ideals should, if possible, emerge from philosophy and win acceptance by their consequent inevitableness.

Now we confess that Professor Ormond's book has aroused in us the suspicion that he has—without malice, we may admit—developed his philosophy in support of certain beliefs, but has not exhibited it as a source from which those beliefs spontaneously spring. He tells us, for instance,

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that "the synthesis of philosophy only completes itself when it has vindicated and included in its scheme of certitude those judgments of belief which spring out of fundamental moral and religious grounds" (p. 17). This may be true, but if a synthesis of philosophy is effected to attain such vindication and inclusion, it will have the coloring of an apologetic and a hard fight to exclude prejudiced witnesses. And this difficulty will be much increased if the judgments of belief which are to be vindicated and included in the scheme of certitude are for the most part such as Professor Ormond conceives them to be; namely, the beliefs which are held by enlightened Christian people, belief in a personal God, in mediation between God and man, in moral freedom, in the soul's immortality, in sin and salvation. It is not our contention that it is impossible to ground these beliefs philosophically. It is, rather, that they can be so grounded; not when philosophy is made to include them, but only when they are exhibited as the natural outcome of a philosophical view of things. But Professor Ormond does not appear to exhibit them after this manner. He takes them rather as current beliefs arising in man's history and shapes the concepts of philosophy in their interest. These beliefs did not originate in philosophy. They emerged from human experience under conditions measurably open to scrutiny. Like other beliefs, they have been subjected to the routine of experience for their justification, their modification, or their rejection. Accepting their validity, we may exhibit the philosophy which they imply or even necessitate, but in that case they become data for philosophy and not beliefs which philosophy has vindicated and included in its scheme of certitude.

If, however, these beliefs are to be taken as data for the construction of a philosophy to include them, we find for ourselves no genuine illumination of them in Professor Ormond's doctrine. For we do not follow with conviction either his argument why "consciousness is the stuff out of which all other world-substance is, in the end, manufactured," or his attempt to ground ideals and beliefs in this doctrine. An inquiry into the ultimate stuff of things is undoubtedly important, and we may discover—indeed we must discover—that it is a kind that carries ideals and beliefs with it in its operations, but it does not, therefore, justify them. For, most assuredly, it carries also with it in its operations error and illusion. Its life's history is at once comic and tragic, ridiculous and sublime. Yet adequate knowledge of it would be a boon, for we could then control it for our desired ends. Our results would be justified on their merits, but not by its constitution. For consciousness is just the sort of stuff which fashions ideals out of itself, and finds, therefore, justification in the measure in which it attains self-expression, much as a man fashions his character out of his own substance and estimates the result by the adequacy with which it expresses his nature. May we not then conclude, since self-expression is the proper function of consciousness, and since the best of current beliefs and ideals are the highest examples of self-expression, that consciousness is, therefore, the great reality? Indeed, Professor Ormond warns us that we must not make the mistake of identifying consciousness with what logicians and psychologists often call "mere awareness," assigning it thus only a cognitive function. "By consciousness" we are to mean "an activity, an energy, that becomes aware of itself and its object. The fundamental form of consciousness, so conceived, is selfhood." But time-worn difficulties here confront us and refuse to be swallowed up in this attempt to engulf all distinctions. Most assuredly the stuff of this old world toils somehow on, producing varied products out of its restless activity, stars, lands, and seas, with here and there some creature who can value the result with enthusiasm or despair, but to call that stuff consciousness, to make of it a self gifted with conscious prevision of what it is about, is to plunge us into confusion. Instead of beholding existence clarified, we behold it as the riddle which confronted Job.

An Introduction to Philosophy. By George Stuart Fullerton. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

This abridgment of Professor Fullerton's "System of Metaphysics," published a year ago, contains some additional chapters intended to adapt the book to use in classroom; but it has many of the defects which were noticeable in the larger treatise. The logical divisions are imperfect, and the several parts of the work are not well articulated. Instead of a coherent and systematic presentation of the subject, we have a series of essays on certain fundamental problems of metaphysics. Professor Fullerton writes, however, very intelligibly, and uses few technical terms. In almost every chapter, indeed, he introduces an imaginary person whom he calls "the plain man," to whose opinions, we think, rather too much importance is attached. Of course, much can be said in favor of a "common sense" view of the world, and "the plain man" should doubtless have a hearing in the philosophical forum; but the scientific philosopher must sooner or later part company with the common-sense amateur. Professor Fullerton frequently vacillates between critical conceptions and that naïve consciousness which at first may promise to clarify philosophical theory, but which leads only to difficulty and obscurity.

As in his larger volume, Professor Fullerton pays much attention to the doctrine of "an external world," and his conclusions seem to us the least satisfactory part of his system. The question, "Is there an external world?" is either tautologous or it is meaningless. For unless externality is immediately given, it can never be reached by inference; and to say that it is immediately given is a mere assumption. Like many writers on philosophy, Professor Fullerton seems to be between the devil of dogmatism and the deep sea of subjective idealism, but his *via media* is rather unpromising. The volume would be more useful, if there were fuller references in it to the philosophical theories of the later French and German authors.

The Apocalypse of St. John. By H. B. Swete. London: Macmillan & Co.

An English commentary on the Revelation of John, with a sane method of interpretation, has been greatly needed, and Professor Swete has ably met the need. Following the plan mapped out in his commentary on Mark (1898), he devotes in the present volume over two hundred pages to introductory matters, such as the apocalyptic type of literature, the sources, purpose, date, style, text, doctrine, and authorship of the book, Antichrist, and the history and methods of interpretation, some eighteen topics in all. To this he adds over three hundred pages of notes, based, with few exceptions, on the text of Westcott and Hort, and replete with septuagintal and patristic references. He ends with a complete vocabulary of the Greek words and satisfactory indices.

The very title of this edition is significant, not "Revelation" but "Apocalypse of St. John." The document belongs to a distinct type of writing, the apocalyptic; and this type, though often fantastic in its outward form, is not to be despised, for the faith which produced it has, as Prof. J. H. Gardiner observes in his "Bible as English Literature," "ennobled this outward form into the vehicle of the most elevated thought yet attained by the Jewish race." Again, this apocalypse is not a bare compilation of previously existing Jewish or Jewish-Christian documents, but the work of a man of insight, who takes the material inherited from the past and fuses it by the heat of his own imagination into forms which become in the process original. It is not simply apocalypse, but prophecy.

In the method of interpretation Dr. Swete stands on the sound principle that this Apocalypse, like other apocalypses, since it is a tract for the times arising out of a definite period of persecution, must be interpreted in the light of the situation. In this Apocalypse a conflict is revealed between the Church and the World, or more precisely, between the Asian churches and the Roman Empire. Domitian is insisting upon the Cæsar cult. (Dr. Swete puts the date about 90, without mentioning the opinion of Harnack, based on Reinach, which fixes it exactly at 93.) In the light of this situation, the Apocalypse of John is to be understood. To be sure, Dr. Swete believes that St. John's pregnant words will be fulfilled in times yet to come, and hopes to see in "the progress of events ever new illustrations of the working of the great principles which are revealed." But such convictions are not to be confused with distinct methods of interpretation which see in the Apocalypse "a detailed forecast of the course of mediæval and modern history in western Europe," or which explain the Antichrist as the Pope or the Papacy, or which, by spiritual, that is, allegorical exegesis, discover in the text whatever is needed for a given purpose.

Striking is the fact that Prof. Swete, though a successor in spirit to Lightfoot, Westcott, and Hort, is compelled to dissent from these Cambridge scholars in their certainty as to the unity and the authorship of the Apocalypse. He lays stress, it is true, on the essential unity of the book in opposition to the theories of sources promulgated by Völter, Vischer, Spitta, and others, and to the modified form of these theories proposed by Weizsäcker, Bousset, and Porter; at the same time he admits candidly that his own theory of unity "cannot be pressed so far as to exclude the possibility that the extant book is a second edition of an earlier work, or that it incorporates

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earlier materials" (p. c). Further, in reference to the conviction of the three Cambridge scholars that the author of the Fourth Gospel is the author of the Apocalypse, he says that that "hypothesis is open to doubt, and perhaps will always be open to doubt." Dr. Swete inclines strongly to the view of most critics that the author of the Apocalypse is John the Presbyter, not John the Son of Zebedee.

This indication of the scope and method of Dr. Swete's edition must suffice to show that we have an English commentary comparable to Bousset's. In the details of exegesis there is, of course, debatable matter even when the general method of interpretation is agreed upon. Into these points we cannot enter here, except to note that, to Dr. Swete, the Antichrist is neither the Pope nor Tiamat; that the beast from the sea is the "hostile world power represented by Nero and Domitian," and the beast from the land is the "religious power represented by the Asiarch and the priesthood of the Asian temples of the Augusti." (pp. lxxxvii and 158 ff.). The number 666 or 616 is a cryptogram, and even if Nero Cæsar suits the *gematria*, it is "possible that the number of the beast holds its secret still." It remains only in this brief notice to say that the book is excellently printed and arranged, and that a touch of reality is given to it by the photographs of Nero and Domitian, and of Patmos as it looked a score of years ago.

My Pilgrimage to the Wise Men of the East. By Moncure Daniel Conway. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $3.

Ten of the eighteen chapters of Mr. Conway's itinerary have to do with India, where, as soon becomes evident to the reader, are to be found the Wise Men of the East. The remaining chapters describe the author's early home, give his reflections on some of the Wise Men of the West, and launch him in circumstantial detail upon his adventurous journey. For the trip described took place so long ago that it was almost like an adventure to travel through India, whither, not direct, but by way of California and Australia, this modern Ulysses sailed in the early eighties.

But this retrospect gives a special charm to the book. Well furnished with introductions, Mr. Conway had an opportunity to see many distinguished people; and his interviews with the great Indologist, Hunter, with the notorious Madame Blavatsky, and with the celebrated Hindus of that period are of especial value, although his somewhat naïve attitude toward the Wise Men of the East provokes an occasional smile. Apparently, Mr. Conway went to India convinced in advance of the superiority of Hindu religion to that of the West, and it is not strange that he was received with open arms by the Hindus, who were only too pleased to be told by a Westerner that the Christian religion was inferior to their own. Even that arrant fraud, Madame Blavatsky, seems for a time to have imposed upon the somewhat indiscriminate admiration of the pilgrim, and it is with a sigh that he truthfully portrays her as she really was; though he does not allude to the common belief of Anglo-Indians that she was in the beginning merely a Russian spy.

Mr. Conway's acquaintance with Hindu literature is so very vague that the reader must be warned of the valuelessness of such literary criticism as his fertile mind offers, for in this respect ignorance is no bar to his daring. Thus he suggests that the ending of a Sanskrit drama was altered to suit conditions arising on the advent of Buddhism, whereas the drama was not written for more than a thousand years after this event. The author's comments on Zoroastrianism have much the same force, only they are offset by his frank confession that "the true religion was that of Zoroaster," and the reader is prepared for the excess of zeal natural to the convert. It is to be hoped that the many interesting items strewn through the book are not so carelessly recorded as is the (printed) transcription of a letter received from John Bright, which appears in facsimile and is then printed. Mr. Bright signs himself plainly enough "very sincerely yours," and this appears in the printed version as "very respectfully yours."

The one note that jars in these recollections of a venerable teacher is that teacher's too evident pride in his own mental superiority. "My heresies" are flaunted almost too often in the face of the reader, who finally, in the last chapters of the book, is treated to a reconstruction of the character and social position of Jesus Christ, which to some will be shocking and to others will be only an additional proof of how far a fixed idea can carry a man from the realm of sober probabilities. For in all this pilgrimage Mr. Conway is interested mainly in religious phenomena, and it is not strange that he should conclude with a chapter or two on his own disbelief. So he sketches for us the "immeasurable crime," not of Judas, but of Paul (no "St." stands before the abhorred name in Mr Conway's version of that sinful character); Jesus was "a gentleman of local distinction" (not at all the humble character presented in the New Testament), numbering among his very intimate friends the Lady of Maudleyn Castle, the whole conception of Mary Magdalene being a Christian adaptation of a Buddhist story.

As a critique of the Christian religion Mr. Conway's book demands no further discussion. As a record of travel it is of permanent value, since it vividly portrays not places, but people, most of whom have long since passed away.

By the Light of the Soul. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Nothing could be more inevitable than the way in which, like a homing pigeon arbitrarily carried far afield in a wicker hamper, Mrs. Freeman's transplanted genius orients itself by a moment's circling in the alien air of New Jersey, and then with one joyous swoop heads straight for New England. To her mind, normal human beings are those who live in small, chilly, frame houses, into whose diet sweet cake enters largely, who die for the truth, or more heroic yet, deliberately condemn themselves to eternal damnation by lying in a just cause. She firmly believes that the fiercest passion may find its only manifestation in stormy repression. Consequently, you accept Maria Edgham's mother, stern Puritan, married to an easy-going New Jersey commuter doing business in New York, you accept the New England aunts, you conscientiously try to accept Maria Edgham herself; but when it comes to believing in Maria's peculiar complication (to specify this would be an injustice to the story) and her subsequent behavior, you can only say "such a situation may be possible, it may have actually existed, but the fact of sounding quite incredible makes it a ticklish matter for fiction." Animal spirits have never been Mrs. Freeman's distinguishing trait, and while young Maria, Mrs. Edgham, and Aunt Maria, if a trifle shopworn, are faultlessly seen and described, the mass of other characters seem either perfunctorily conventional or shadowy.

There is genuine knowledge of human nature in the way Mrs. Edgham's harsh tongue and golden heart make a less monotonous and truer home than the beautiful Ida's wooden smile, but Ida herself arrives at such woodenness as to become flatly nonexistent. To take one instance—unless bent on remarriage, her type of schemer would never miss the value of a bewilderingly beautiful daughter as a social lever. In fact, Ida's structure has been imperfectly realized, also that of Wollaston Lee; throughout, the minor figures have been drawn with irritating superficiality, and the tardy introduction of a benevolent lady-dwarf, with a palatial drawing room modelled upon the famous chair of Sir Richard Calmady, borders perilously upon burlesque.

With all of this, Mrs. Freeman keeps her accomplished touch as a story-teller. If the present work lacks the unity and beauty of "A New England Nun," at least in it she is seeking an enlarged horizon and rather receiving fresh impressions than remaining satisfied to repeat those already used. This very condition, though temporarily disappointing, gives promise that when she has struck somewhat deeper in a new soil, we may hope, not for pale repetitions of past achievements, but for a widened interpretation of human nature, whether the field be the silver-and-satin-finished suburban residences of New Jersey, rich with the fragrance of roast chicken, or the ancient cake-blighted homesteads of New England.

Historic Hadley: A Story of the Making of a Famous Massachusetts Town. By Alice Morehouse Walker. New York: The Grafton Press.

This volume of somewhat more than local interest is the second in the Historical Series of the Grafton Press, edited by Dr. Henry R. Stiles. So largely are the lands of the early settlers now passing into the hands of aliens that the book is especially timely, serving to rescue from virtual oblivion many interesting facts of the first years of the town, and its important part in the later history of the State. The voluminous manuscripts of Sylvester Judd, now carefully guarded in the Forbes Library at Northampton, and his "History of Hadley," completed after his death, exhaustive and final as they may be, are not within reach of the general reading public, which cares little for elaborated detail and painstaking historical accuracy. But many persons enjoy these tales of peril, and

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bloodshed, effort and ultimate reward, when served to them in facile form. The little book, too, is accurate, never sacrificing the facts to readability or picturesqueness. Familiar traditions are always carefully scrutinized. In this class comes the oft-told tale of the regicide judges, Goffe and Whalley, who, escaping from England, had at first taken refuge in Boston, but, royal vengeance still pursuing, fled yet farther westward to New Haven. Here they were permitted to remain in peace for a time, but receiving news that orders for their arrest had reached our shores, they made their way to Hadley, to the sheltering home of Parson Russell. Incredible as it may seem, they lived here for many years unknown to the other inhabitants of the settlement. This much is authentic history. But the story that during an unexpected Indian raid and massacre the settlers were suddenly rallied and commanded in a most expert manner by a stranger of venerable aspect, to the end that the Indians were completely routed, the stranger himself disappearing as soon as victory was assured, has been, alas! found by late historians to be but picturesque fiction, even embodied as it is in the well-known old engraving of the early perils of our forefathers, and in Cooper's "Wept of Wish-ton-Wish," and Scott's "Peveril of the Peak."

From the settlement of the hamlet of Quonektacut in 1659, its story is told through many vicissitudes; we learn of Mary Webster, most noteworthy witch of Hampshire County; of the establishment of churches, schools, the Hopkins Academy; the setting off of Amherst, "the East Precinct"; the march of Gen. Burgoyne and his entertainment in Hadley, after his surrender, in the hospitable home of Col. Porter, to whom he presented his sword—an invaluable relic still preserved by descendants; of Shays's rebellion, of Jonathan Edwards, and of later happenings, even to the death of Bishop Huntington. But with the surprising influx of peasant foreigners we must note the passing of the romance of the great "river of pines." It is well to have the story of one of its typical villages so pleasantly embodied in a picture whose separate parts retain a just perspective in a well-balanced whole. The little book has value both literary and historic, and considerable narrative charm.

Life and Letters of the First Earl of Durham. By Stuart J. Reid. 2 vols. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $10 net.

Lady Durham once wrote to her husband:

> I have a speech to tell you to-day of Charles's which I think will amuse you. The children were all talking last night at dinner, and Fanny was saying that, when the history of England came to be written a hundred years hence, your name would perhaps be mentioned in it. Upon which Charles said: "I hope they will put it, 'In the reign of George the Fourth lived the famous Mr. Lambton—he was a man of considerable talents.'"

If it were a toss-up between that childish characterization in one sentence and Mr. Reid's 800 pages, we could almost hope the latter would lose, for these volumes are an extreme illustration of that obsession of bigness which now seems to afflict most writers of English biography. Lord Durham was an important figure in his time and way, but his career was cut short by death at forty-two, and nothing that he was or did or even promised merits so ponderous a sarcophagus as Mr. Reid has provided.

Durham was a man of many fine parts and dashing qualities. A born aristocrat, he was yet a radical; "Radical Jack" was his sobriquet among the workingmen. But that he had higher gifts than those of mere agitation, is shown by the fact that John Stuart Mill had high hopes of him, and was ready to follow his political lead. A successful speaker on the hustings, and a Parliamentary orator of weight, Durham's chief title to fame is his Report on Canada. He was sent thither as governor-general, with exceptional powers, at the time of the rebellion of 1837-38, and showed his mastery of the situation not only by successfully dealing with the disaffected elements on the spot, but by his full and philosophic recommendations to the Home Government in the matter of a sound colonial policy. So just and sure was his insight in this great governmental question that his Report has recently been reprinted as a sort of classic in its kind, a fit vade-mecum for colonial administrators everywhere. Into the interesting details of Durham's Canadian experience Mr. Reid goes fully, bringing out all the aspects of what Durham with too much reason considered his cowardly betrayal by the English Government that had sent him out. This led him to resign, and, in his state of failing health, hastened his death. One valuable service his biographer does in dispelling the malicious story that the Report was not Durham's own. "The matter," sneered Brougham, "came from a felon [Turton], the style from a coxcomb [Charles Buller], and the dictator furnished only six letters, D-u-r-h-a-m." But Mr. Reid's investigation of private papers, including Buller's, convinces him that while Durham, as was natural and proper, used material secured for him by his secretaries, in ideas and presentation the great Report was the product of his own brain and hand.

Carl Snoilsky, hans lefnad och skaldskap. Af Karl Warburg. Stockholm: Geber.

With this volume Professor Warburg has again enriched Swedish literature with one of his admirable literary monographs. While in his "Viktor Rydberg" he presented a panorama, as it were, of Swedish culture during the latter part of the nineteenth century as centred in its most many-sided representative, the volume on Snoilsky is the story of a single life, though even here we see mirrored the spirit and movements of the times. The letters from the poet to his friends, which are scattered through the volume, not only are a welcome supplement to the five volumes of his poetical work, in that they throw interesting glimpses on his inner life, but show more clearly than his poems could what he thought of the literary and social movements of his day.

While still in school Snoilsky was known as a poet of promise, and when he left the university, in 1864, his position among the younger literary men of the time was secure. From Italy, where he spent the winter of 1864-65, he sent home one poem after the other, and when a number of them were collected, it was felt that here was a new singer. Here was no echo of Tegnér, here were youth, enthusiasm, and originality. The brilliant and overflowing "Opening Song" especially took everybody by storm. In a letter to a friend he speaks of his "obdurate determination to see in Italy what it is, not what it was. I know," he continues, "it is a bold statement, but nevertheless I assert that I have been, though very inferior to my predecessors, the first to have courage to give expression to a realistic view of this land of the ideals." The succeeding years, during which he resided a short time in Spain and in Paris, were nearly barren of poetical inspiration. He was not happy. He had married young, and had obtained a position in the Foreign Office; but he suffered in the stiff society life in Stockholm. He amused himself with collecting coins and books. He wrote afterwards to a friend; "It was absurd of me to think that I could live in the long run like the rest of them in our petrified, conventional society."

The revolt came in the summer of 1879, when all Sweden was stirred by the news that its most cherished poet, recently elected "one of the eighteen" in the Swedish Academy, had suddenly resigned his government position and left Sweden, alone. His marriage was dissolved, and shortly after he married again. In his second wife he found a discerning critic, whose sound judgment and sympathetic insight he often acknowledged. The great change in his life reflected itself in his poetry. Not only was there a decided increase in his productivity, but a deepening in his conception of life and of poetry. He had always been a liberal, and had often given poetical expression to his enthusiasm for freedom, independence, and unconventionality. But there had been an individualistic, aristocratic touch that conveyed an impression of coldness; the inward and outward storm through which he had gone opened up in his heart the well of sympathy for all who suffered, and his liberalism deepened to a radicalism that made one critic ask whether Snoilsky were not, after all, a radical of Ibsen's type, for whom the petty reforms of the day were mere trifles, not worth a strong sentiment. It may be doubted whether these social poems, "The Servant Brother," "Aphrodite and the Grinder," and others represent poetically a higher quality. Certain it is that they won for him the sympathy and admiration of circles to whom his more artistic productions made less appeal. In his exile his patriotic poems also began to occupy an important part of his work. Poetically these stood higher than the social poems; we find among them some of his most masterful productions, such as "Old King Gösta," "Olof Rudbeck," "The White Lady," "The Home Coming," and "At the Fair of Vernamo."

Snoilsky's letters from this period—"la seconda primavera," as his biographer calls it—contain many expressions of his social and poetical point of view:

> I am well aware of my chief defect, that I have not from childhood lived the life of the people. One-sided classical culture and education have made me, like the majority of our littérateurs, less fit to speak a language that the mass of the people can understand.

In 1889 Snoilsky returned to Sweden, to

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take the position as chief librarian of the Royal Library in Stockholm. The appointment caused much opposition, both in the press and in the Diet. Snoilsky was, of course, not a trained librarian, but he was a bibliographer of rank, and we have the word of his successor, Dr. Dahlgren, who *is* a trained librarian, to the effect that his administration was highly successful. During the last years of his life he was engrossed in official duties and felt less and less inclination to poetical production. He died in 1903.

Drama.

Comedy Queens of the Georgian Era. By John Fyvie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

One of the chief motives, apparently, which prompted Mr. Fyvie to the composition of this somewhat formidable volume was a fear lest the public interested in ancient theatrical history should form erroneous estimates of the character of the different remarkable women whose abilities lent such lustre to the English stage during the eighteenth century. In this respect his work certainly is one of supererogation. No one ever dipped into the scandalous chronicles of that era, which unhappily are only too abundant, without discovering that the frailties of most of these heroines were fully as notorious as their fascinations. Inasmuch as they have all been in their graves for a century, it was scarcely necessary, and not in the least profitable, to subject their memories to the modern process of muck-raking. But it is only fair to say that his book, as a rule, shows a praiseworthy desire for accuracy, a careful sifting of a great mass of contemporary evidence, and a quick eye for significant facts. Of course, he has nothing, or very little, that is new to tell, but he creates a certain impression of freshness by drawing liberally from sources of information not in common use. To the casual reader, unlearned in such matters, his narratives will be entertaining, and, after a fashion, instructive. They furnish some vivid sketches of the theatrical life of the period, and prove that in a good many respects it very much resembled that of our own times. But, like most other publications of the kind, this one is silent on the points which alone could have much vital interest for students of to-day, descriptive details of the technical methods employed by these stage queens, hints concerning their interpretation of famous passages or characters, some means of comparison between their actual achievements and those of their successors. There is no doubt of their attractions or their triumphs. The main question now is whether their renown was due solely to surpassing genius or partly to the inexperience of their public and the complacency of their critics.

Mr. Fyvie seems to be surprised at the tremendous success, on its first production, of "The Beggar's Opera," which made Lavinia Felton Duchess of Portland; but it was almost as popular fifty years ago, when Sims Reeves was the Capt. Macheath. The appetite of modern theatregoers for the startling or the vulgar is to the full as hearty as that of their great-grandfathers. The strange story of the half-crazy Charlotte Charke, less familiar than most of the others, was worth telling, perhaps—though scarcely at such length—for the glimpse it affords of the life of the strolling player. It might have been illustrated by Hogarth. His life of Kitty Clive is full, and doubtless authoritative, but he does not bring that delightful termagant so vividly before the mind's eye as does Mrs. Clement Parsons in her rapid sketch. He lacks the grip of essentials and the sparkling style. In the case of Peg Woffington he is less fair than usual, almost playing the part of Devil's Advocate. He relies mainly on the anonymous biography of 1760, and where the facts are in doubt, does not hesitate to employ innuendo. Of course he has no difficulty in shattering the fanciful ideal of Charles Reade or in demonstrating the slovenliness of Augustin Daly's book, which was inspired largely by his managerial plans, but nobody ever imagined that Peg was a vestal. The marvel is that, coming out of the gutter as she did, she should have risen so far above her original level. She was one of the worthiest of the whole sisterhood of sinners. She is not in the same category with George Anne Bellamy. Why Mr. Fyvie should deem it worth while to devote so much space to the monotonous recital of her profligacies and those of Frances Abington and Mrs. Baddeley, is not easy to understand. Abington, of course, was a valuable actress or Garrick would not have endured her petulance as he did.

There is more justification, perhaps, for his damaging arraignment of Perdita Robinson, who was not altogether the suffering saint she is popularly supposed to have been, although her shortcomings do not operate as whitewash upon the reputation of the rascally Florizel. Two of his best chapters relate to the queer adventures of the still queerer Becky Wells, who experienced every extreme of fortune, and the career of the brilliant Dora Jordan, who, after living as the unwedded wife of the Duke of Clarence for many years in great honor and affection, was discarded when he succeeded to the British throne, and died in circumstances which have never been fully explained. Whether the theory of Mr. Fyvie that the Duke profited largely by Miss Jordan's theatrical earnings is true or not, it is not wholly inconsistent with the character of his egregious family, and is partly supported by the liberality of Queen Victoria to his children. In the matter of paper, print, and illustrations the book is admirable, and in literary quality more than respectable.

George Bernard Shaw was fortunate in having the services of such an accomplished actress as Miss Ellen Terry in the introduction of his farcical comedy, "Capt. Brassbound's Conversion," to an American audience. Without her, the performance which took place in the Empire Theatre on Monday evening, would probably have fallen rather flat. The piece has no dramatic value, the plot and more than one of the personages, including the heroine, being almost grotesque in their improbability; but it is, nevertheless, exceedingly amusing. The dialogue is rich in humor, wit and satire. Indeed, there is scarcely a dull line in it, but the fruits of shrewd observation, ignorant or wilful misapplication, humorous fancy, crude social and political theories, and all sorts of intellectual vagary are mixed up in it so inextricably, that any attempt to sort them with the view of discovering some sane and practical purpose underlying the whole composition would be hopeless. But absurd as the conduct of Mr. Shaw's personages may sometimes be, the revelation of their character in speech is often extraordinarily felicitous. Nothing could be much more veracious than the sketch of the mean, sly, fawning, treacherous little guttersnipe, Drinkwater, whose assurance is only equalled by his arrant cowardice. Lady Cecily, the supposed product of some idealized Socialistic Utopia, is a creature of pure fantasy, but the effect of her imperturbable benevolence upon hostile spirits is exhibited with admirable humor. Miss Terry played the part with such refinement of manner and perfection of natural grace, such an air of accustomed authority and fearless self-confidence, that her behavior seemed humorous rather than absurd. In many ways she showed the power of real acting to create illusion. It is a pity that Mr. Shaw, who, as a dramatist, has much in common with W. S. Gilbert, should not be endowed with some measure of the latter's sanity.

The production of an original quasi-historical romantic tragedy in blank verse, by an American author, is so rare an event upon the American stage that it deserves special consideration. Percy Mackaye, the author of "Jeanne d'Arc," which was presented in the Lyric Theatre by Miss Julia Marlowe and E. H. Sothern on Tuesday evening, is not so fine a poet as Stephen Phillips, but he has written an exceedingly meritorious play, dealing with a stirring subject in a worthy and dignified manner. He has followed the accepted facts of history with sufficient fidelity, has embellished them skilfully with supernatural machinery, and has produced a workmanlike drama which is likely to find a place in the permanent literature of the American theatre. It contains vigorous and melodious verse, ingenious and effective situations, and some good characterization. The central figure of the Maid, with her rural simplicity and rhapsodical faith, is very well drawn. She is introduced first at a village festival, where, being left alone with a dying soldier, she cheers him with the story of her visions. The incident is well imagined and well told. Next the Maid detects the Dauphin, who has hidden among his courtiers at Chinon, declares his legitimacy—which is confirmed by a miraculous apparition—and is entrusted with military command. The third act is outside Orleans, where she is at first repulsed and wounded, but afterwards carries the city by assault. In the fourth she completes her mission by crowning the King at Rheims. The last act shows her betrayed and deserted at Rouen, and the curtain falls upon her execution. There is a great deal of good, original work in the play, together with much that is feeble. As the composition of a beginner it is full of promise. Unfortunately, it was not presented on Tuesday with the spirit which it deserves. Miss Marlowe interpreted the ecstatic side of the Maid with the right simplicity and fervor, and showed a fine frenzy in rallying the beaten troops, but her impersonation was somewhat over-sentimental and refined.

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Mr. Sothern, too, lacked life and variety as the meditative Alençon. Few of the subordinate players revealed much familiarity with the ways of romantic acting, and still fewer had the least notion of how to utter blank verse. In this respect even the principals failed. This is one of the reasons why the cause of the poetic drama is so desperate.

George Alexander has waived his rights to the new version of "Faust" upon which Stephen Phillips is engaged, and the work will therefore be undertaken by Beerbohm Tree, who will act the part of Mephistopheles. But the production is a long way off yet, for the manuscript is not to be delivered until September.

The Shakespeare Festival at Stratford-on-Avon next April will be the most remarkable yet held. The performances will be under the direction of F. R. Benson. Forbes Robertson and Miss Gertrude Elliott will appear in "Hamlet"; Mr. Bourchier and Miss Violet Vanbrugh will be seen in "The Merchant of Venice"; in "Othello" Lewis Waller will be the Moor and H. B. Irving Iago, while Miss Evelyn Millard will appear as Desdemona. George Alexander has agreed to play the leading part in "As You Like It" or "Much Ado About Nothing"; and Sir Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore have also promised their services. Mr. Benson's season at Stratford-on-Avon will extend over three weeks, beginning on April 22; and the repertory this year will be enlarged by the production of "All's Well that Ends Well" or "Troilus and Cressida," two plays which Mr. Benson has not yet produced on the stage. "Love's Labor's Lost" is also to be given. There will also be seen at Stratford-on-Avon a great historical pageant with singing pilgrims carrying floral offerings to the tomb of Shakespeare; and a Shakespearean anthem, probably with a musical setting by Sir Hubert Parry, is to be sung.

The old theatre at Weimar, notable in the history both of the drama and of music, is to be closed. The week from February 9 to 16 will be given up to special performances, including Schiller's "Räuber," Goethe's "Iphigenie," and Wagner's "Lohengrin."

An exhibition of "engraved portraits of famous actors of the olden time" will be open at the Grolier Club in this city until February 16.

Music.

FANNIE BLOOMFIELD ZEISLER.

The Russians have lately taken such complete possession of our concert halls, so far as solo recitals are concerned, that it comes quite as a surprise to have to record the appearance of some one else beside Gabrilowitch, Lhévinne, Scriabine, Petchnikoff, and the rest of them. Mrs. Fannie Bloomfield Zeisler, at Carnegie Hall on Saturday afternoon, recalled the fact that there are Americans, too, who can play the piano; and later on we are to hear Mme. Samaroff, who is an American, despite her Russian name, and probably Joseffy, who, though born in Hungary, has become an American by right of long residence.

A year ago it was announced that Mrs. Zeisler was a victim of nervous prostration, brought on by overwork. She had the good sense to take a sufficiently long rest, and her playing indicates that she has suffered the loss of none of the fine qualities that have made her famous. She plays the Schubert-Liszt "Erlking" with the same stirring dramatic energy as of yore; she interprets a Beethoven sonata (in this case op. 31, No. 2) in the semi-classical, semi-romantic spirit which is proper to that master; she sings the melody of a Chopin scherzo with exquisite feminine tenderness and depth of feeling; she has the power to reproduce the bold rhythms of a Chopin polonaise without seeming to aim at a mannish display of strength; she knows how to reveal the poetic beauties hidden, for most pianists, under the technical difficulties of a Liszt étude; in short, she is a pianist of the first rank, one of the few whose playing never results in boredom.

But why did she play that Sérénade of Rachmaninoff? Have we not Russians more than enough to take care of their own music, and should not the American composer, Edward MacDowell, who has written much better pieces than that Sérénade—who, in fact, has written better piano music than any living Russian, or any dead Russian, for that matter, except Rubinstein—should not Edward MacDowell be played by American pianists? A great wave of sympathy for this man, who has raised American music to the European level, has swept the country; the sales of his music have greatly increased; the Mendelssohn Glee Club is raising a fund for him with the aid of many other musical societies in all parts of the country; but the professional pianists continue to ignore the very music which thousands are just at present most eager to hear. They held aloof from the music of Chopin and Schumann in the same way while those masters were living. They waited many years after Beethoven's death before playing his sonatas. But is it necessary to repeat the follies of the nineteenth century in the twentieth?

GRIEG'S "LYRIC SUITE."

One of the most interesting novelties of the musical season was the "Lyric Suite" of Grieg, which had its first performance in America at last week's Philharmonic concert. When the factitious excitement over Richard Strauss has died away it will be seen more clearly that the greatest of living creative musicians is Edvard Grieg. To be sure, he has written little during the last decade, because of the precarious state of his health, but what he does write is sure to live. The Suite referred to has special interest for us because the world really owes it, in its orchestral form, to a naturalized American citizen—Anton Seidl, who adored Grieg almost as much as he did Wagner and who never ceased regretting that the great Norwegian had written so few pieces for orchestra. He endeavored to increase the scant list by arranging four of the lyric piano pieces ("Lyrische Stücke"), opus 54, for orchestra. After Seidl's death Grieg revised the manuscript. Under his direction a performance was given at Copenhagen; he found Seidl's arrangement "undeniably very good from his point of view, but too heavy for my intentions. The whole Wagnerian apparatus was used for my mood pictures, which did not in all cases suit me." Before sending it to the publisher he secured the permission of Seidl's widow to revise the orchestration thoroughly, and by way of acknowledging his indebtedness to Seidl for discovering the availibility of these piano pieces, he forwarded her 1,000 marks as her share of the receipts from the publisher.

As arranged by Seidl, the suite included the number called "Bell Ringing," one of the strangest pieces ever written—an attempt, and a weirdly successful one, to imitate the mingled consonant and dissonant sounds made by bells. Seidl's version emphasized its singularity; but evidently Grieg feared that it would prove too much like caviare to the general, so he omitted this, and the four pieces he used are the plaintive, idyllic "Shepherd Lad"; the rustic and characteristically Norse "Ganger," or "Peasant March"; the dreamy "Nocturne," and the superbly Norwegian and Griegian "March of the Dwarfs," the wild and fantastic main theme of which is interrupted by one of those tender and exquisitely modulated melodies, the secret of which Grieg, almost alone among all composers, seems to have inherited from Schubert—a *cantabile* which, nevertheless, differs from Schubert's as widely as the scenery of Austria does from the fjords of Norway.

While Grieg has written little for orchestra, he has a keen instinct for beautiful coloring. His version of the four piano pieces sounded the more enchanting, coming as they did after the third symphony of Brahms, whose music, in the words of Tchaikovsky, "lacks the chief thing—beauty." Those who missed the Philharmonic will have opportunity to hear the "Lyric Suite" to-night at Cooper Union Hall, or to-morrow night at Carnegie Hall, as performed by the People's Symphony Orchestra under Mr. Arens. The programme of the concerts referred to include also Chadwick's "Melpomene" overture and a "Southern Fantasy," by W. H. Humiston, which will have its first public performance.

A purely orchestral programme, without soloist, has been made up by Walter Damrosch for the next New York Symphony Orchestra concerts, Saturday evening and Sunday afternoon, February 2 and 3, at Carnegie Hall. To all those interested in the development of American composers the announcement of "The Festival of Pan," by F. S. Converse, will prove of special interest. Mr. Converse is among the foremost of the younger American composers. He is the successor of the late Prof. J. K. Paine at Harvard, and has several works to his credit, notably an opera, "The Pipe of Desire." The programme also includes: Symphony No. 3 (Rhenish), Schumann; love music and Brangaene's Call from Act II., "Tristan and Isolde" (arranged for concert performance by Walter Damrosch), Wagner; Variation on an Original Theme, Edward Elgar.

Mme. Olga Samaroff, the pianist, is to be the soloist with the Philharmonic Society of New York on Friday afternoon and Saturday evening, March 1 and 2. She will play with the Pittsburgh Orchestra in Pittsburgh on April 5 and 6. In February she is to play with the Boston Symphony in Boston, New York, Washington, and Brooklyn.

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Though only forty-one years of age, A. C. Glazounoff, the Russian musician, is soon to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his début as a composer. A symphony by him was produced when he was sixteen. Russia, and especially St. Petersburg, where Glazounoff is a professor at the Royal Conservatorium, is preparing a series of festivities for him; and Cambridge University, England, has offered him an honorary musical degree. That university, it will be recollected, conferred a similar honor on Grieg, Saint-Saëns, Bruch, Joachim, and other distinguished musicians. At the festival in St. Petersburg the programme will include the composer's first symphony and his latest, No. 8, which is nearly completed.

Wagner relics are rising in the market. At a recent auction in Berlin the original score of the famous "Schuster-lied," from "Die Meistersinger," was bid up to $650, while a collection of about twenty letters to the opera singer, Franz Betz, brought $350.

Art.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LONDON, January 15.

If the Winter Exhibition of Old Masters is the Royal Academy's "expiation," as I believe Rossetti called it, no one can deny that the Academy "expiates" this year with less distinction and splendor than on many former occasions. For twenty-eight years the Academy has been showing old masters; but the supply in the country is not inexhaustible, and this winter there is no sensationally sudden appearance of a long neglected masterpiece. Most of the fine things have already been exhibited not so very long ago.

A look at the catalogue impresses one with the number of distinguished masters represented—Dürer and Holbein, Botticelli and Bellini, Mabuse and Antonio Mor, Palma Vecchio and Luini, Raphael and Sodoma. Many of these names are already tumbling before the picture detective, or reviving old battles, the Raphael, in particular, Sir Charles Robinson's Madonna dei Candelabri, with its American rival, offering an irresistible opportunity for going over the old arguments for and against. To look at the exhibition itself is to find that in most cases it does not justify the array of names. There are, to be sure, interesting things. A Portrait of a Lady, a small half-length—whether its painter was really Holbein as the catalogue states, whether the Lady is really a Queen of England as authorities suggest—has its charm in the delicacy of the flat modelling, the primness and severity of the Holbeinesque expression and pose, the discreetly folded hands without a hint of compromise, and in the beautiful painting of gold-embroidered stuffs and many jewels; but the picture, for all its charm and care and accomplishment, is not one Holbein would have taken special pride in claiming. There are paintings with the decorative impressiveness that the Primitives, as a rule, could give to their most conventional and impersonal work. When all is said, however, the painting that stands out with a more personal quality than the stock-in-trade of any one school or generation, the painting with an individuality that leaps to the eye and makes itself felt, is from Earl Spencer's collection at Althorp, a portrait by Nicholas Lucidel, whose name is by no means one of the greatest and most widely known in the group. The Lady who sat to him may have been, as the maker of the catalogue seems to think, Anna von Botzheim, who came of a well-remembered Nuremberg family. But it makes no difference who she was. The interest of the picture is in the character given to the pleasant though not all too beautiful face, the handling of the complicated detail of ornament and the mastery of its subordination. The loveliness of color, crimson and white lit by the gold of chain and embroidery against a quiet gray background, Whistler would have approved. It is of this picture one brings away an impression to add to the gallery in one's memory of the great or delightful portraits of the world.

The work of the Flemings and Dutchmen of a later period—to which another room is devoted—is entirely overshadowed by the vigor and glory of Franz Hals and Rembrandt. By Hals there are only two pictures, and of these one alone is of the finest quality. There are only four attributed to Rembrandt. And yet they dominate not this one small room merely, but the entire exhibition. Here, again, it is Earl Spencer who has contributed the most notable canvases. From him comes the memorable Admiral de Ruyter, every inch a man born to command, whether it was De Ruyter or not who stood for it. To this picture Hals gave for all time the dignity and force that were De Ruyter's in life, adding, moreover, a splendid sobriety of color in the black and white of his dress, a blunt elegance in pose, and a strength, a swagger, in the painting that no one has yet surpassed. And it is from the Althorp collection that a little Portrait of a Boy by Rembrandt, once called Portrait of William of Orange, also comes. It is unfinished, as the catalogue describes it, but no one would have had Rembrandt add another touch; it is simplicity itself, a half-length, against a quiet, black background, and it is handled in a way that is unexpectedly suggestive of Velasquez. In this respect I know of no other Rembrandt quite like it. Often, before this, Hals and Rembrandt have been seen at the Academy in greater numbers or more famous canvases. But as I made the rounds of the far larger collection of English pictures of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, I could forget neither the De Ruyter nor the Boy once known as William of Orange. They seemed to come with me, to cling to me, so as to set the standard, judged by which the Gainsboroughs and Reynoldses and Romneys could be accepted as nothing more than graceful decorations, the Hoppers and Raeburns and Lawrences nothing more than, at the best, vigorous puppets. It is not every one who can be vigorous like Hals without vulgarity, refined like Rembrandt and yet absolutely true to life.

There are several most delightful Gainsboroughs, one in particular with a more sensational attraction than technique or even subject can ever be to the general public—the Portrait of Miss Linley, that, when it suddenly came up for sale at Christie's from no one knew where, dirty and shabby, was sold for no less than 9,000 guineas. This is one of the rare romances of the auction room, nowadays, when every picture of merit of every master of renown is supposed to have been traced, measured, judged, and catalogued. Perhaps the most unexpected thing in the story or romance is that the picture has the advantage of being very charming, and would still seem so if its discovery had been less sensational. The face is sweet, with a little of the oversweetness of many of Gainsborough's ladies; but there can be no qualification to one's pleasure in the delicacy, the exquisiteness of the painting in the gold-embroidered low bodice—the portrait is only a bust—and the white and gold scarf. These are the details over which he was apt to linger with greater sympathy and insight than over the details of the face. The English portrait painters of his generation seemed afraid of the character that artists like Rembrandt and Hals and Velasquez prized, even if found in the ugliest model or sitter, above the Book-of-Beauty prettiness of so many of Gainsborough's and Reynolds's women.

The finest of the Reynoldses came, like the finest Rembrandt and Hals and Primitives, from the collection at Althorp. These are the Portrait of Margaret Georgiana Countess Spencer and her Daughter Georgiana, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, the mother encircling with her arms the child who stands on a table clasping her mother's neck, in a composition built up with the stateliness and the grace that Reynolds brought to the grouping of his figures; and the Portrait of John Charles, Viscount Althorp, a small boy, in the old-fashioned costume of the day, standing in a spacious conventional landscape as characteristic of the period. He is charming, with hardly more than a suspicion of the sentiment that Reynolds's descendants exaggerated into mawkish affectation. But you cannot get rid of the feeling of convention in the deliberately posed figure and his deliberately composed surroundings, when you remember that other child presented so simply, with no picturesque accessories.

Still less can the Sir George Sinclair, Bart., as a boy by Raeburn, and Edward, fifth Earl of Darnley, also a small boy, by Hoppner, bear comparison with the Rembrandt. Both children, like Reynolds's little Viscount, are placed with the picturesqueness of the studio in a landscape designed according to formula and not nature; Raeburn's boy is seated on a rock, Hoppner's leans against a rock, as you may be sure neither their own family nor the painters ever saw them sit or lean. The convention has already become more artificial than it was with Reynolds; the essentials of life, character, reality prized by Rembrandt, are forgotten.

It would have been wiser had the collection ended here, that is, chronologically. But the work of British artists has been carried down to yesterday, and has been selected with so little discrimination that it can produce no other effect than to make one deplore the sad and complete degeneracy of British art. A picture by Wilkie seems to

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hang in the place of honor, in the centre of one of the smaller rooms, for no other reason than to explain how this degeneracy came about. It is his Chelsea Pensioners Reading the Waterloo Dispatch, and belongs to the Duke of Wellington. The composition is crowded with as many figures as would fill a three-volume novel—soldiers bringing the news, Chelsea pensioners listening to it and drinking in front of a public house, women, children, dogs, horses, uniforms, and almost everything has a story or a meaning or an association, so that the description serving as key to it takes up a whole half-page of the catalogue. The great tradition, even the charming convention, has gone, and in its place is a tedious conscientiousness in a multiplicity of details that art has nothing to do with, an absorption in subject, a smallness of pictorial idea and composition. And, after all, if this is what was wanted in the beginning of, or just before, the Victorian era of dulness and pettiness, how infinitely better it was done by a Fleming like Teniers, as you have only to walk back to the room of the Rembrandts and Hals to see! Wilkie was probably one of the most overrated mediocrities who ever painted in England. He did more than almost anybody to reduce the Royal Academy to its present condition of weakness and decay.

There is "expiation" of a kind, I fancy, in the room after the Wilkie, where you find a collection of pictures by men who died more or less recently. Not in the hanging, of course, of two pictures by Leighton, one the elaborate but empty Syracusan Bride Leading Wild Animals for Sacrifice to the Temple of Diana. It was first exhibited, the catalogue says, in 1866—some years later therefore than the notorious Procession of Cimabue. But it makes you understand why Leighton, who as painter is of such meagre interest now, was hailed as the coming genius when he first appeared upon the scene, young and radiant, from his studies in Munich and Florence. The Pre-Raphaelites, superabundantly supplied with ideals as they were, could not quite shake off the influences of Wilkie and his followers. Leighton, trained abroad, designed and painted his pictures on a more ambitious scale; he had a sense of bigness. And yet he could not escape from subject any more than Wilkie, nor could he see it pictorially: only, with him, it was not domestic, but classical, as his admirers pointed out with awe.

The irony to-day is to find hanging with him, and classed as "Deceased Masters," artists for whom the Academy had, so long as they lived, never an honor to spare: Alfred Stevens—by whom there is only one small portrait, of W. Blundell Spence of Florence, but what character in the head, what dignity, what restraint; John Linnells, not very great, perhaps, but who could paint landscape far better than most of the Academicians of his generation; the two Scotchmen, Alexander Fraser and Sam Bough; and James Charles, who has not yet been dead a year. Charles exhibited at the Academy, but was better known as an exhibitor at the International and the New English Art Club. Painters had the greatest respect for him. The Academy, however, never gave him the chance to write the initials A.R.A., much less R.A., after his name; the recognition might well have come sooner. His work is scholarly by the side of Leighton's, with which, I should add, it cannot be compared as far as subject is concerned. The few pictures here are mostly landscapes. Even when Charles made use of the sort of subject beloved by the British public—as in his Fifty Years Ago: Her Wedding Gown, an old woman gazing upon her youthful finery with the pathos that is popular—his theme was merely the concession of the artist who must live somehow; but you can see that his real interest was in the problems of light and atmosphere it suggested; that to him, personally, the old woman and her story were of much less account than the exact values of the flowers set in a row against the window beyond. He was a painter, preoccupied not with anecdote, domestic or classical, but with the painter's problems, which he approached always in the spirit of the student. For his work, the test of comparison with old masters is rather too severe, and this is why, of the examples now gathered together, none strikes one as so satisfactory as The Chalk Pit, which does not pretend to be anything more than a study of white chalk cliffs in sunshine.

N. N.

Since the South Kensington Museum has made a special exhibition of those works of Giovanni Bastianini, which it had bought eagerly as Renaissance originals, there has been much writing about the sculptor-forger of Fiesole. A welcome addition to this literature is "Giovanni Bastianini e Paolo Ricci; Scultori Fiesolani," by Canonico Dionisio Brunori (Florence: Tipographia Domonicana). This illustrated pamphlet professes only to give the life of its hero, as seen by a kinsman. Its horizon is that of Fiesole, and it pays little attention to works in foreign possession. In recompense it affords a vivid picture of the struggles of a nineteenth-century sculptor with a fifteenth-century soul, and makes some contribution to the anecdotage of art. Born in 1830 of a peasant family, Bastianini, at the age of eighteen, bound himself to the Florentine antiquary, Freppa, in consideration of two francs a day and his studio expenses. This contract was less burdensome than it has been represented, for Bastianini worked also on his own account—a practice that Freppa winked at, though it cost him at least one rueful experience. Freppa taught his familiar to read and write, thus reinforcing his instinctive love of the Quattrocento with some knowledge of history. Bastianini's training as a sculptor had been the most desultory, but in the early twenties he made the colored bust of Savonarola that was exhibited a few years later in the Palazzo Riccardi as a splendid original of the fourteenth century. Bastianini promptly avowed its authorship and his fame began to rise. In 1864 was modelled that marvellous bust of Beniveni that stood for a time in the Louvre before the Slaves of Michelangelo. When the maker declared that it was merely a faithful portrait of Giuseppe Bonaiuti, a workman in a tobacco factory, there were contemptuous denials that this masterpiece could come from an ignorant peasant. In rejoinder the artist offered to make a duplicate, but died in 1868 before the promise could be fulfilled. In 1876 his group in the modern taste, "The Dance," received a medal at the World's Exposition at Philadelphia. Other pieces of this style are reproduced in the pamphlet before us, and curiously there is nothing archaic about them. They represent merely the high average of post-Berninesque Italian sculpture. The archaistic pieces, which were made for a matter of a few hundred francs, are now sold on their merits in the thousands. His life may be regarded as successful, but it recalls the sad waste of talent caused by the modern craze for the pseudo-antique. We must close with a characteristic anecdote. On one occasion Freppa came into Bastianini's studio, exultant over a tiny Madonna, "true Quattrocento," that he had bought at a bargain. Bastianini was constrained to tell his employer that this was one of the outside jobs, that the mould was in the studio, and that if Freppa liked the thing he could have as many as he wished. The biographical sketch of Ricci, a sculptor who practised an ingenious polychromy with porphyry and similar hard materials, is of minor interest, and serves chiefly to stiffen the brochure for the shelf.

We are not informed whether Julia Cartwright's "Early Work of Raphael" (E. P. Dutton & Co.) is a reprint. As long ago as 1895 Mrs. Ady contributed to *The Portfolio* her "Raphael in Rome," which begins abruptly where this little book leaves off, and this book has all the air of a first part of that study. At any rate, it gives in readable form the facts of Raphael's life and career, up to the year 1508, as they are received by the Morellian school of criticism. Much more than that it hardly pretends to give, and for any detailed appreciation of the artistic qualities of Raphael one must look elsewhere.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have announced a series of authoritative books on landscape architecture long out of print. First will come Humphry Repton's "Art of Landscape Gardening," revised and edited by John Nolen. This will be followed by Thomas Whately's "Theory and Practice of Landscape Gardening," edited by F. L. Olmsted, jr., and the work of Fürst Pückler von Muskau on his own park in Germany, translated by Samuel Parsons, jr.

The list of Fra Filippo Lippi's works must be enlarged by a Madonna and Child which has recently been brought to the President's office in the Palazzo Riccardi, Florence. This panel long stood over the altar of the Castello Pulci, near Signa. When that building was converted into an insane asylum, the picture was brought, with others of less importance, to the museum of San Salvi, where it has remained unregarded, in the secretary's office, for a matter of ten years, its existence being known only to a few connoisseurs. It will soon be put on public exhibition in the Hall of Luca Giordano. The panel is tall, rounded at the top, and in the original massive Renaissance frame, with disengaged Corinthian columns. The composition resembles closely that of the Madonna with Four Saints in the Accademia, the architectural setting of which it practically reproduces. The pose is, however, reversed, the Child standing at the Virgin's left. The figures are of life size, and shown to the knee. It is notable among the

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Frate's pictures for the brilliance and excellent preservation of the colors. The Virgin's mantle is the conventional blue, her tunic a remarkable crimson brocaded with gold. The line is more fluent than is usual with the Frate, and, since this must be one of his latest works, the fascinating possibility is raised that he may here reveal the influence of his gifted pupil Botticelli.

A loan exhibition of rare Chinese porcelains in aid of various charities is on view at Duveen Brothers' gallery, No. 302 Fifth Avenue. This is one of the most remarkable collections of porcelains ever shown in New York city, comprising specimens from the cabinets of such collectors as J. Pierpont Morgan.

The Art Institute of Chicago and the Municipal Art League opened their annual exhibition of works of artists of Chicago and vicinity on January 29.

The authorities of the Bibliothèque Nationale are organizing for the forthcoming spring an exhibition of portraits, drawings, and miniatures taken from or appearing in some of the finer illuminated manuscripts of the sixteenth century.

Col. Borgatti's long researches in Castel Sant' Angelo, Rome, as reported in the *Tribuna*, have led him to the following revolutionary conclusions: The building was begun by Hadrian as a conical pyramid, and decorated with the rarest marbles and Grecian sculptures. At his death the work was unfinished; probably the level of the sepulchre had not been reached. Antoninus changed and greatly enlarged the plan, choosing the form of a drum upon a square basement, and providing a place of burial for all the Imperial family and their descendants. He lived to build only the core, his own vault, and the tomb was continued irregularly, from cheaper materials. During the Renaissance it was greatly enlarged as a fortress, so that one may say broadly that it remains as "one of the most remarkable, or rather as the unique, example of an Italian fortification in use from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century. It perpetuates the work of Taccola, Rossellino, Alberti, San Gallo, and others, down to Bernini." We shall await with interest the arguments for the theory here baldly stated.

The French archæological expedition at work on the island of Delos has been able to extend its operations very considerably. North of the Hieron an extensive hall of columns has been laid bare, with an inscription stating that it was built by the Macedonian King, Antigonus Gonatas. In the same neighborhood a tomb from the Mycenæan period was found. New streets, extending from the theatre, have been exposed, and in several of the houses fine statues were found, one of Polyhymnia being particularly beautiful. South of the Hieron the archæologists unearthed a circular monument, probably the shrine of the wealthy Athenian family of Heros Archegetas; and near by an esplanade hewn into the rocks with fine extra large lions, dating from the pre-Persian age, the stone evidently from Naxos. New chronological data have also been found, one of the stelæ containing a list of the names of all the priests during the second Athenian occupancy of the island. Numismatics, too, have been enriched, especially with additions of Attic silver coins.

Jacques Reich has added to his collection of etched portraits of famous Americans one of Andrew Carnegie. This portrait, an admirable likeness, is well up to the level of his previous work.

Thirty pictures of the Barbizon school collected by H. S. Henry of Philadelphia, were sold at auction in this city last Friday night by the American Art Association. They brought in all $352,000. The highest price was paid for Troyon's Le Retour à la Ferme, $65,000. This picture brought $24,500 on February 29, 1896, at the dispersal of William Schaus's pictures in this city. The feature of the sale was the high prices for small Corots; seven of them ranged from $7,000 to $24,000. The prices in detail were as follows: Corot—Chateau Thierry, $9,800; Premières Feuilles, $7,000; The River, $20,600; Nymphes jouant avec un Tigre, $19,100; Meditation, $15,600; Le Matin au Bord du Lac, $11,300; The Glade, $24,000. Daubigny — The First Shades of Night, $4,800; The Harbor, $5,000; Farm at Villerville, $6,700. Decamps, Les Contrebandiers, $7,100. Delacroix—Lion Attaqué, $4,400; Tigre Serpent, $6,700; Arabe Montant à Cheval, $7,200; The Release of the Princess Olga, $11,100. Diaz—The Forest, Fontainebleau, $5,200; Whisperings of Love, $5,500. Dupré — Sunlight, $8,300; Twilight, $13,000. Fromentin—The Falconers, $3,800. Géricault—Starting for the Race at Rome, $3,000. Millet—The Retreat from the Storm, $6,700; The Shepherdess and Her Flock, $15,000. Rousseau—Landscape, $4,900; Paysage en Sologne, $6,400; Sunlight, $21,600; Twilight, $10,100. Troyon—The Farrier, $7,600; Going to Market, $16,000; Le Retour à la Ferme, $65,000.

On February 1, the Anderson Auction Company of this city sells some engravings, etchings, and drawings, partly from the collections of Dr. S. M. Burnett and James R. Pitcher. The sale includes some New York views, a few etchings by Rembrandt, and a series of etchings by Charles Jacque.

Science.

THE NEW SECRETARY OF THE SMITHSONIAN.

In the selection on January 23 of Charles Doolittle Walcott to fill the post of secretary of the Smithsonian Institution, the regents pay tribute to the worth of a man who by painstaking work, and without the influence of university surroundings, had already attained the highest administrative office in science which the Government of this country could bestow. Succeeding J. W. Powell in the Directorship of the National Geological Survey in 1894, at a time when there was a bitter struggle for partisan control of that service, Mr. Walcott immediately applied himself to reconstructing the bureau and lifting it to a plane above individual and sectional hostility. His success in this effort is attested by the general favor in which the work of the Survey has been held for a period of twelve years and the generous cooperation that it has received from scientific workers throughout the country. The Congressional grants for the maintenance of the Geological Survey have been nearly doubled during Mr. Walcott's administration, and to this department has been entrusted the expenditure of the millions of dollars annually devoted to the vast irrigation or "reclaiming" enterprises in the far West.

Born at New York Mills in 1850, Mr. Walcott began his official career as a geologist and paleontologist when, in 1876, he became attached to the New York State Survey. A few years later he was made assistant geologist of the United States Geological Survey. In that service he was official paleontologist 1888-1893, and chief geologist 1893-1894, advancing in the last-named year to the directorship. During his incumbency of this last office he held for a limited period the secretaryship of the Carnegie Institution at Washington and an *ad interim* assistant secretaryship of the Smithsonian Institution, in charge of the United States National Museum (following upon the death of the acting curator, G. Brown Goode). Mr. Walcott's administrative ability is further indicated by his work tending toward the coördination of the scientific departments and bureaus of the national capital.

However important to the knowledge and general development of the natural resources of this country may have been the labors of Mr. Walcott as director of the United States Geological Survey, his position in the field of science will probably be most permanently fixed through his contributions as an original student of invertebrate paleontology. His investigations, carried on through a period of over a quarter of a century, upon the most ancient faunas, are a monument of diligent research; and they have done much to revolutionize the views of geologists regarding the development of life-forms and the relationships existing between the land-surfaces and water areas of the Cambrian and pre-Cambrian periods. Mr. Walcott's latest work, which is soon to appear, is a review of the Cambrian brachiopoda of the world; it will probably be the most comprehensive monograph of a world fauna that has ever been published. Much material bearing upon this subject was obtained by a special expedition sent into the interior of China in 1903.

Mr. Walcott, though not a university man himself, rising from the ranks of the public schools, has been a recipient of many university degrees (from Chicago, Johns Hopkins, Pennsylvania, etc.), and upon him was conferred, in 1898, the Bigsby Medal of the London Geological Society.

We have been asked to call attention to the fact that a number of copies of Dr. Sven Hedin's "Scientific Results of a Journey in Central Asia, 1899-1902" still remain unsubscribed for. The work, which was originally planned to be published in four volumes with two volumes of maps, has, on account of the wealth of material, swelled out so that, when completed, the descriptive part alone will occupy four volumes; and the first of these contains the same number of illustrations (500) which was intended for this whole part of the work. But in spite of this expansion the subscription price of £15 has remained unaltered. The

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Swedish Riksdag appropriated 75,000 kronor as aid in the publication, but this sum will not suffice to cover the expenses connected with the printing. Besides the four volumes of Dr. Hedin's own descriptive account, there will be two volumes of contributions by various scientists: Meteorological Observations by Dr. N. Ekholm; Astronomical Observations by Prof. P. G. Rosén; Geological Collections by Dr. H. Bäckström and Prof. G. De Geer; Botanical by Prof. G. Lagerheim, and Zoölogical by Prof. W. Leche. The Atlas of about 100 maps on a scale of 1:100,000 and 1:200,000 will constitute an important feature. Mr. Himly of Wiesbaden will edit and publish the ancient Chinese manuscripts and inscriptions from the third century which the explorer brought home with him. The two volumes of the description which have so far been published are devoted to the Tarim River, and to the lake of Lop-Nor. Of the other volumes parts of the Meteorological Observations and of the description of the Zoölogical Collections have appeared. Prof. Leche, the author of the latter, visited the St. Petersburg museum for the purpose of making comparisons with the specimens of Asiatic fauna in its collections, and found that a large number of the specimens which Dr. Hedin brought home are hitherto unknown or very rare.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will publish the English edition of Jean Finot's "Race Prejudice," which attempts to do away with the ancient notion of distinction among races.

In the *Philippine Journal of Science* for November, 1906, Dr. Charles S. Banks, entomologist of the Bureau of Science at Manila, lists the mosquitoes of the Philippines so far as known, and describes some new species. In all, eighty-three species, subspecies, and varieties of culicidæ are enumerated, embraced in thirty genera in six sub-families. There have been collected eight more unidentified species, so that, even before work in this direction has been done in the higher altitudes of the Philippines, the islands are already credited with almost as many kinds of mosquitoes as are found in the United States. *Stegomyia fasciata* Fabr., the yellow-fever mosquito, has been attributed to the Philippines by various writers, who have inferred that there will be danger of yellow fever when the Panama Canal is open. Dr. Banks has found, however, that the Philippine *Stegomyia fasciata* presents ornamentation differing from the *Stegomyia fasciata* Fabr. sufficiently to be considered a sub-species, hence he says:

> Unless further search should prove the presence of *Stegomyia fasciata* Fabr. in these islands, the fear of an epidemic would be unfounded unless *Stegomyia fasciata persistans* Banks [the new sub-species] should prove to be able to convey yellow fever.

The French Academy of Sciences has received from the Prince of Monaco a report on the chief features of his scientific campaign in the Arctic last year. The most difficult work was the geodetic survey of the hitherto unexplored mountain region of Spitzbergen. A party of seven Norwegians and one Frenchman covered 1,600 miles over the interior glaciers, and obtained a complete chart of the region, which is covered with glaciers, only the summits of the mountains showing above the ice.

The International Congress on School Hygiene, which is to be held at the University of London August 5 to 10, will deal with methods for the first and subsequent medical examinations of school children; school work in its relation to the duration of the lessons, the sequence of the subjects, and the season of the year; the school in its relation to tuberculosis; and the lighting and ventilation of class-rooms.

Prof. Ernest W. Brown, now professor of astronomy and mathematics at Haverford College, Pennsylvania, has been awarded the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society for his researches on the mathematical theory of the motion of the moon. Professor Brown will continue his work next year as a member of the faculty of Yale.

Sir Michael Foster, Unionist member of Parliament for London University since 1900, died this week Tuesday. Born in 1836, he was educated at Huntington Grammar School and University School and College, London. In 1867 he entered upon his career as a university teacher; in 1869 he became professor of practical physiology at University College, London; in 1870, praelector of physiology, Trinity College, Cambridge; and from 1883 to 1903 he was professor of physiology at Cambridge. From 1881 to 1903 he was secretary of the Royal Society; and in 1899 president of the British Association. His "Text-Book of Physiology" has gone through many editions; he was also the author of "Lectures on the History of Physiology," and joint editor of the "Scientific Memoirs" of Huxley. In 1900 he came to San Francisco, where he delivered a course of ten lectures on the history of physiology at the Cooper Medical College. He was knighted in June, 1899. He consented to enter Parliament on the condition that he should not be regarded as a party man, but as the guardian of interests of science.

Prof. Adam Paulsen, head of the Meteorological Institute, Copenhagen, died January 11, aged seventy-four. He is best known by his studies on the Aurora Borealis, carried on in Greenland in 1882, and described in his "Observations internationales polaires" (1882-3).

Finance.

RAILWAYS BORROWING ON THEIR NOTES.

It was pointed out in this column, a fortnight ago, how the enthusiasm over new issues of railway stock, with valuable "subscription rights" to existing shareholders, gave way to apprehension over the effect which such increase in supply of stock might have on values. The phenomenon was the familiar one of supply increasing suddenly and enormously, while demand remained unchanged. What has happened since the recent announcements of $400,000,000 to $500,000,000 of such new issues has been economically logical—declines of 20 to 80 points in the most active railway stocks. But the uncertainty aroused by the December announcements was not the end of the matter, because it was perfectly well known that still other railways were waiting to borrow money which they imperatively needed. James J. Hill of the Great Northern, as has already been noted, had declared that necessary new work on our railways would cost "a yearly average of $1,100,000,000." Some two weeks ago President W. W. Finley of the Southern Railway wrote, referring to his section of the country alone:

> The work of providing the necessary additional track will require a vast output of capital. How it is to be provided is everywhere a matter of grave concern to railway managers. It must be borrowed.

But the question remained, how and on what terms could the money be borrowed, when so great a part of the country's available capital had been mortgaged, for a year or two ahead, to the three or four great railways which were first on the ground with their requisitions? To some degree, the fall in stocks itself would help matters, because a shrinkage, say of 20 per cent. in values of existing securities, releases a similar fraction of the capital previously tied up in them. But what is gained, through this process of relief, is likely to be lost through the influence of that very decline on the feelings of investors. In other words, when the price of outstanding stocks is falling rapidly, holders of money are not enthusiastic about buying new stocks. The capitalist is the party to dictate terms. The railways must have the money, whereas he is under no necessity to buy their securities. He naturally, therefore, waits to see what the companies will bid.

There are three ways in which this bid of the railways may be raised. They may, for instance, offer long-term bonds, at exceptionally low prices; they may offer such bonds at unusually high interest; or they may tender both inducements, but in the form of notes maturing a few years hence. To all three expedients, there are objections. A railway which sells bonds for less than par—at 80, let us say—must redeem them at 100 at maturity. But this means that it pays for its capital not alone the 4 or 5 per cent. annual interest, but the 20 per cent. discount, which must eventually be recovered. Nor will it find its future credit and borrowing power unimpaired by such concessions. If, on the other hand, a railway, accustomed to pay 4 per cent. annual interest on a fifty-year mortgage bond, were to offer 5 or 6, the life of that mortgage will extend through years when the same capital might readily be procured at the old rate.

These considerations have induced companies to borrow on their notes, secured as a rule by pledge of stocks or bonds from the railway treasury. On such notes, running two or three years, the railway may pay 6 per cent.—it may even sell them at a moderate discount—and still preserve its position for the future. By the time the notes mature, the condition of the money market will probably have changed. Bonds can then again be sold on the basis of 4 per cent., or stock at advantageous figures, and with the proceeds the maturing notes can be quietly taken up. This was the procedure adopted under somewhat parallel circumstances during 1903; it has again been seized upon this month, when the market for new securities was visibly blocked. Within the past few weeks, the Chicago and Alton has sold $6,000,000 short-term notes, the Boston and Maine $3,000,-

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000, the Erie and the Chicago and Western Indiana $5,000,000 each, the New York, New Haven and Hartford $10,000,000, the Southern Railway $15,000,000; and at length, this week, the New York Central and its subsidiary lines a lot of $50,000,000. These notes as a rule carry 5 per cent., but the banker's commission and the discount in the price commonly lift that rate to 6. The magnitude of these issues has attracted wide notice. In 1903, although the railways sold in all some $150,000,000 notes, no single lot was issued for a larger amount than $10,000,000. It is therefore quite possible that the total of four years ago will this year be exceeded.

We have seen the advantages of this form of borrowing, from the point of view of the railway. It is a matter of record, also, that the experiment in 1903 resulted satisfactorily. With the exception of one railway, the notes then issued were taken up at maturity, and replaced with stocks or bonds sold at good terms, in the prosperous investment markets of 1905 or 1906. But the practice, nevertheless, is of questionable wisdom. It heaps up a floating debt, and floating debt, when nothing can certainly be known as to conditions when the notes fall due, is traditionally dangerous. The peril is not merely theoretical; for borrowing on notes has been directly responsible for some of the most serious mischief in our railway history. As far back as 1873, the famous September panic was occasioned by the maturing, at a most inconvenient hour, of a block of Northern Pacific Railway notes, accepted by the banking house of Jay Cooke & Co. It was floating debt, which in 1893 carried down the Atchison, the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Reading—though, it should be observed, the notes whose default brought matters to a head in that year were as a rule the recourse of desperation, adopted to stave off a crisis which could in no other way be even postponed. But the historic fact as to risk which attends such policy, remains.

Financial conditions of the present day resemble closely neither those of 1873 nor those of 1893. The earning capacity of the roads is known; they do not, as in those other years, depend for a surplus on one-half their mileage, while the rest traverses a barren and unsettled country. But the laws of credit are the same, and experience at least dictates avoidance of former pitfalls. The danger in the present case lies, not in the notes just being issued, but in the adoption of the recourse as a habit, to be repeated whenever circumstances—a blunder in past financiering, waste of money in purchase of rival lines, or indulgence in speculation by the community at large—create an unfavorable money market.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Addams, Jane. Newer Ideals of Peace. Macmillan Co. $1.25 net.
Alexander, John H. Mosby's Men. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Benson, Arthur Christopher. Memoirs of Arthur Hamilton. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.25 net.
Berean, A. Divine Healing under the Lens. Charles A. Cook. 50 cents.
Besant, Sir Walter. Mediæval London. Vol. II. London: Adam & Charles Black.
Bolce, Harold. The New Internationalism. Appletons. $1.50 net.
Bradley, A. G. Lord Dorchester. Toronto: Morang & Co.
Cary, Elizabeth Luther. The Works of James MacNeill Whistler. Moffat, Yard & Co. $4 net.
Cleveland, Grover. Fishing and Shooting Sketches. Outing Publishing Co. $1.25 net.
Cross, Victoria. Life's Shop Window. Mitchell Kennerley. $1.50.
Cruso, H. A. A. Sir Walter Ralegh: A Drama. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Davidson, John. Holiday and other Poems. Dutton. $1 net.
García, Genaro. Porfirio Diaz Sus Padres Niñez y Juventud. Mexico.
Harvard University Official Register, 1906-07. Cambridge.
Hostos, Eugenio M. de. Moral Social. Madrid.
Jewett, Frances Gulick. Town and City. Book 3. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50 cents.
Kennelly, A. E. Wireless Telegraphy. Moffat, Yard & Co. $1 net.
King, Charles. Captured. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
King, Jr., C. F. A Boy's Vacation Abroad. Boston: C. M. Clark Publishing Co.
Kingsley, Florence Morse. Truthful Jane. Appletons. $1.50.
Kirkwood, James. Parochial Libraries in Scotland. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Lee, Gerald Stanley. The Voice of the Machines. Northampton, Mass.: Mount Tom Press.
Life of Dr. Samuel A. Mudd. Edited by Nettie Mudd. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Life of Sir Thomas Bodley written by Himself. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.
Livingston, Alice. A Sealed Book. R. F. Fenno & Co. $1.50.
MacNaughton, Eleanor Le Sueur. Meadowhurst Children and other Tales. Cincinnati: Editor Publishing Co.
Madison, James. Writings. Edited by Gaillard Hunt. Vol. VI. Putnams.
Maffitt, Emma Martin. The Life and Services of John Newland Maffitt. Neale Publishing Co. $3.
Pasture, Mrs. Henry de la. The Lonely Lady of Grosvenor Square. Dutton. $1.50.
Pemberton, Max. The Diamond Ship. Appletons. $1.50.
Pierce, Franklin. The Tariff and the Trusts. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Porter, Robert P. The Dangers of Municipal Ownership. Century Co. $1.80 net.
Pratt, James Bissett. The Psychology of Religious Belief. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net.
Prentice, E. Parmalee. The Federal Power of Carriers and Corporations. Macmillan Co. $1.50 net
Rapid Transit in and about New York City. Municipal Art Society.
Reed, Bertha. The Influence of Solomon Gessner upon English Literature. Philadelphia: Americana Germanica Press.
Seawell, Molly Elliott. The Secret of Toni. Appletons. $1.50.
Service Book of the Holy Orthodox-Catholic Apostolic Church. Translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $4.
Sheridan's Major Dramas. Edited by George H. Nettleton. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Shurter, Edwin Du Bois. Masterpieces of Modern Oratory. Boston: Ginn & Co. $1.
Watterson, Henry. The Compromises of Life. Duffield & Co.
Whitcomb, Russell. Driftwood. Boston: Richard G. Badger.
White, James. My Clonmel Scrap Book. Waterford: E. Downey & Co.
Wilson, James Southall. Alexander Wilson: Poet-Naturalist. Neale Publishing Co. $2.
Woodberry, George Edward. Ralph Waldo Emerson. Macmillan Co. 75 cents.

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